

REAR

June, 1988

Number 25

FREE

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U.K. SUBS

Interview, Page Seven



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FRIDAY 17: FRANCE'S PIGALLE

SATURDAY 18: SCUM; \$6

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FRIDAY 24: FRANCO ROCK: TBA

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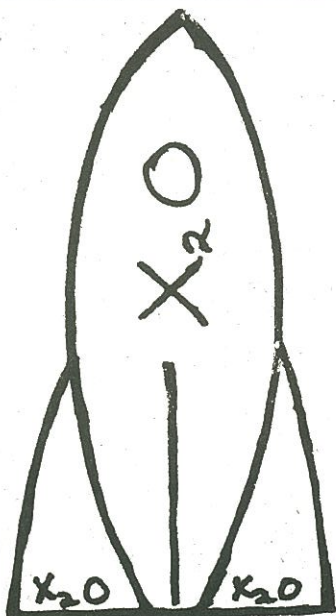
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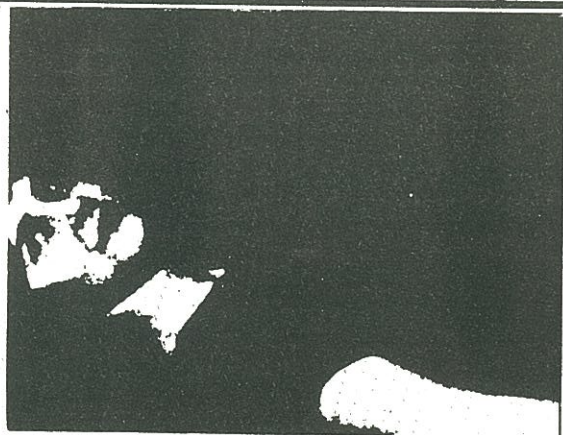
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A good news editorial: the *RearGarde* Benefit. Three days in April at the Foufounes Electriques that were a great success and mean that this mag'll be coming out for a while longer.

The nights just got better and better, filling up on Thursday, packing the place on Friday and breaking attendance records on Saturday night. All in all we pulled in about four thousand dollars which paid off our printing bills (of about \$3200) and left us with enough cash to actually be able to pay for this issue as it's being printed.

Again, we'd like to point out that this is a strictly non-profit operation (actually it's a sub-profit organization), so that all the money collected at the door goes to paying for printing, typesetting, camera supplies and the like. Nothing goes into anybody's pockets as salaries (hell, we can't even cover our expenses).

In case you're wondering, a typical issue of *RearGarde* costs about \$1500 to print, \$300 to typeset, \$120 to distribute and about \$150 in miscellaneous expenses. And we've been averaging about \$1500-\$1600 in ad revenues per issue. You'll have noticed that they don't quite balance out. Therefore the Benefit, and our problems are solved (for now). If you'd like to help us in the long-term, however, by working on advertising (a 20 per cent commission here—the only way to make money off this baby), please do call us at the number below.

The Benefit itself was very much of a collective effort: Normand Pichette (of Foufounes/DBC fame) helped in every phase of organization; Donna Varrica (of VOT record fame) wrote and distributed our press releases; Phil (of DBC) put together the poster; David Oancia (of Foufounes) aided and abetted throughout; Dan Webster (of

Foufounes/Psyche fame) rented the equipment and kept things running during the shows; Paul King (of King Kassar fame) helped with booking the bands; Normand (of Foufounes) got free beer for the bands from O'Keefe and dozens of people helped with posterage (hi Nadia, Lorrie, Greg, Louie...) and at the door (hey Leo, Rudra, Mike, Eric...). Thanx to all of youze and everyone whose names I have forgotten under deadline pressure.

And of course, a special thanks to all the bands who provided their services for free (especially to the Urban Bushmen who played without advance notice or publicity) and to the Foufounes Electriques and all their staff who worked their butts off to make the show(s) a success.

Meanwhile, back at the fort, the most over-worked and under-credited *RearGarde* person was putting together our last issue almost single-handedly (as well as coordinating personell for the Benefit). If you look down at our staff box, you'll notice the position "Assistant Editor" and the name Emma Tibaldo next to it. This glorious title means that Emma gets to partake in all the shitwork of the paper like typing out articles, following up writers, organizing ads, doing photo stats, mailing, and running back and forth to the typesetter, without getting any credit except her name in the staff box. Without Emma, this thing would never come out.

Finally, a special thanx to Audrey Gott and Ronald Gott, whose \$1000 got us off the ground as an independent publication a year ago and who recently bought us a computer so we could keep on publishing. I think they're doing it in the hopes their wayward son will brighten up and get a real job (that actually pays money). In any case, they are the ones to blame for our continued existence.

Oh yeah, you'll probably notice a lot of new names this issue and next. A call for writers and photogs last issue got us some phone calls and our 'staff' expanded by seven or eight. If you're interested in writing, taking photos, production or doing ads (please!), give us a call at 932-7945. No experience necessary.

Okay, well this editorial was supposed to be all very upbeat but something came up in the meantime that deserves a little space...

One of the interviews that I'm most pleased with ever having done for *RearGarde* is the one this issue with Charlie Harper of the U.K. Subs. Not only have the Subs been one of my favourite groups for years, but Charlie ended up being one of the most articulate and genuinely friendly musicians I've talked to in a long time.

So, why did some skinheads beat him up after the Subs show?

Someone said it's because they wanted to get in for free and Charlie wouldn't put them on the guest list. Whatever the explanation, it ain't no reason. I was at that show and it was clear some skins were just looking for a fight, but who would have figured they'd gang up on someone who's a big part of the scene and who's just trying to support it.

The whole thing was simply ridiculous: Picking on anyone isn't too great. And picking on Charlie will only give Montreal a lousy rep. with touring bands, and give Montreal skins in general an even worse rep. with the clubs and the scene in general. All because a couple of idiots got drunk.

Paul Gott



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New Brunswick News

Dressed To Kill '88. The Maritime Independent Music Festival is old news now. The primary purpose of it was to raise money for a compilation album of Maritime bands to be released by DTK Records. However, not enough money was made to finance anything so that idea was shelved. The festival was recorded so you can expect a tape to be released sometime soon, probably in time for the NCCRA Conference in Halifax this summer.

Speaking of DTK. The



Stratejackets' new album is in the mix-down stage now. Apparently the Halifax's band never sounded better. Besides *The Stratejackets*, a second *Decade of Dreams* record is progressing well. From reports the new record leans a bit heavier to the commercial side, but overall is better than last year's *Wild Colloquial*. A third Jazz album is rumored to be in the works, hopefully we'll know more about that soon.

Scream Theatre is still kicking. The band is in a transitional stage right now. *Merge* is heading off to Quebec to learn the nation's second tongue so a new guitarist is trying to fill his space in time for a possible tour with the *Stratejackets* this summer. The band is also anxious to record another cassette with some of their live material since *Present* and what was omitted from *Live at the Woodshed*.

Expect a new tape from *Dresden '45* in a few weeks. The band has been dubbed a death/classical duo but will include a variety of songs ranging from free-form experimental to dancebeat stuff. They've just finished recording and are working on putting the whole shmeal together.

In other news, *CHRS-FM* has a new Station Manager. *Jeff Potts* from *CKIC* in Wolfville, N.S. is being broken in by our programmers. Jeff seems to be handling the culture shock very well. We're also planning on hiring a new Programming Manager to give our sound a much needed shot in the arm.

Steve Staples

Okay, we start off Banned Info this month with some goodbyes: *Bunker Records* on St. Denis is no more. Probably the weirdest store in town, concentrating mostly on 'difficult listening' albums and tapes, we'll probably never see many of those artists on the shelves in Montreal again...

The Blacklight is no longer booking live acts (tho' rumours of the occasional future live show still persist). It's going to be a blow to hardcore and speed-metal bands, since the 'light was the only place in town consistently booking those bands. But it's no great loss to say goodbye to a place with a booking policy that asks promoters to pay to book bands and then charges for every person who sees the show...

Finally, *Cinema V* (and its downtown equivalent, *Cinema de Paris*) is closing down as a repertory cinema very shortly. They're being turned into regular movie houses and Montreal will be (at least temporarily) without an English repertory house.

On The Move Department: Ste Catherine and the Main becomes the centre of entertainment for the city later this year (as if it wasn't already) when both the *Spectrum* and *Musique Plus* move into the neighbourhood. The *Spectrum* will take over the two porno theatres currently on that corner and convert them into an even bigger concert venue than their current locale. Maybe they could have a grand opening with *Blue Rodeo* and *Pussy Galore*. Maybe not...

Musique Plus is moving just down Ste. Catherine a little ways, next to the *Foufounes*. With the *Fou-Fou* already having plans for expansion, the place



Just when you thought it was safe to go back on the streets, *SC.U.M.* is back in town. One of Montreal's longest surviving backs, *SCUM* has resurrected itself with a brand new line-up, but'll keep rockin' as hard as ever.

"We're a new band," says Georges, the chief songwriter and only surviving member of the original band. "And at our shows we'll be playing half new material and half old stuff. But half the new material was written before last year's break-up."

The band was put on permanent hold last year when drummer Jean Lortie left to join the *Nils*, but the band reformed around Georges and now includes five folks (now two guitarists) including a couple from New Brunswick, therefore joining the recent invasion of Montreal bands by Maritimers.

The direction of the band (once described as 'an anti-cop band, but an intelligent anti-cop band') remains the same, but there is some expansion going on: "Well, the name really says it all," says Georges. "But we're not just going to stop there. We can't just write anti-cop and anti-religion, corporation songs."

The new band plans on keeping *SCUM* alive in this city. They've already recorded a new demo and have played Fredericton, Toronto, London, Hamilton and Quebec City. Their first return gig in Montreal will be at the *Foufounes* on the 18th, along with *Birth Defects*.

"We wanted to get some more new material together before we played Montreal again," says Georges. "Also, it's hard to book shows here. We wanted to play here earlier, but the 18th is the earliest the *Foufounes* could book us."

If you liked old *SCUM*, check it out. Says Georges: "I guess it's just *SCUM* with better guitar solos."

should really be hopping.

Well, enough of that... Back to business: The *Asexuals* are working well as a four-piece, with Blake Cheetah (of *Jerry Jerry* fame) really fitting in well, and 'seeming more

permanent all the time. They're currently looking for someone to put out their next LP ("We have a few nibbles, but nothing definite," says guitarist/vocalist T.J.) and are planning a mini (for the *Asexuals*) three-week

tour in July...

Going Over The Top Department: Montreal's metal kings *Voivod* now have their fourth LP in the stores. It's called *Dimension Hatross* and is a concept album based around the continuing quest of the mythical *Voivod* character. The big news with this one is that the album is being marketed and distributed in the States by CBS records. Yes, the lads are breaking the U.S. market. Now if only the major labels in Canada would get off their keesters and start supporting Canadian bands before U.S. labels...

Ahh, that's a hopeless quest... *Voivod* is going down south for a two-month tour (with *Testament*) this summer and will return in the fall for a show at the *Spectrum*, either in a bill with one of the bigger speed-metal bands (read: *Metallica*) or headlining their own bill...

New Guitarist Department: The *Hodads* have a new axeman, Bill from the *Guitar Hospital* (where everyone who's anyone in the scene gets their guitars repaired). He's replacing Dave, who's moved on to new musical projects...

In the meantime, head Ho-dude Dan has finally finished his thesis which means the group will be doing a lot more concerts, and they'll be recording a mystery French folk song this month for release on a 45. (It's a mystery because they don't want anybody else to steal their idea and get the song out first. Right.). Oh yeah, they've been playing shows recently with Mike on harmonica and it really adds an extra bite to the music. They should be checked out...

Bar With A Marketing Scheme Department: *Fail-Safe* is no longer



Like anything with a distinct style, you either love or hate the *Foufounes*. Most people in the scene love it. The style is there, from the Fun House decorations outside to the odd collection of people inside (and that's just the staff) to the slasher videos played constantly on the video screens to the weird collection of bands who appear on stage...

"We take chances on stuff that other people won't touch. Like *Tackhead*—it's a risk because we don't know if they'll pack the place or if noone will come," says David Oancia, noted *Foufounes* person who's in charge of selling *Foufounes* to the public.

That job's been a little easier to put over to the mass media recently as the *Foufounes* had something solid for them to grab onto: Its 5th Anniversary celebrations. All of a sudden, the club was getting press from folks that would never normally dream of covering the club, never mind walking through the place.

"A lot of the major press labels us as really left-wing alternative," says Oancia. "I don't like labelling it like that. I'd rather call it innovative."

This innovation was amply demonstrated during the month-long celebrations at the club which featured events from Alex Chilton in concert to the Shock Art festival. It's

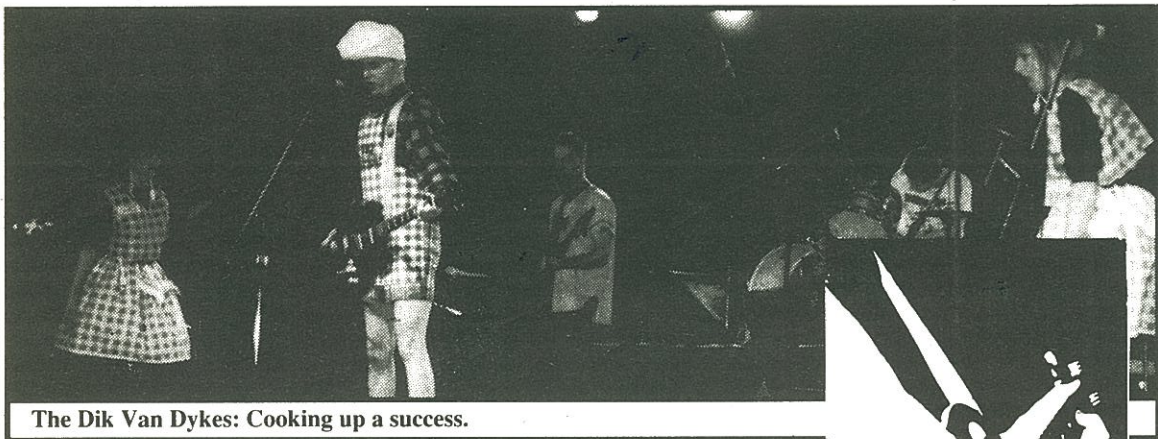
enough to make anyone want to go out, get a funny haircut and start spray-painting the living room. It's this multi-dimensional, multi-cultural, multi-media approach that has really spelled success for the club recently... It's just a happening place to be.

In fact, it's so happening that the club is planning major expansion. The concert area will soon have a second floor, expanding its capacity from 240 to 400, and further plans are to annex other rooms around the present set-up to expand the total capacity of 700 in four or five different areas, each with its own ambience.

Touring groups who play the *Foufounes* love it, and its reputation is stretching down the East Coast. But, of course, not everyone will like it...

"The *Foufounes* is a place with a dividing line. But I think people should go and experience it for themselves and make a judgement after being there, rather than judging from hearsay," says Oancia. "It's better to have a dividing line than be so watered down that there is no line. If you try to cater to everyone, the place would have no style, no atmosphere."

J.D. Head



The Dik Van Dykes: Cooking up a success.

making their *Get Lost* tees and have a new one coming out: *Why*. All shirts of course have their nifty name and 'Safe Sex Tour 88' on the back (just so you can show your parents you're being careful). The band recently backed-up the *Dayglo Abortions* in Ottawa and are planning excursions into southern Ontario and out East in June and July. I guess it's only fair that if Maritimers make up half the membership of Montreal's hardcore bands, that Montreal hardcore bands visit the Maritimes a lot...

AND A HEARTY

CONGRATULATIONS: To Fail-Safe vocalist Iain and Grenade Graphics designer Sara who are expecting their first kid in August. Using a new pre-natal care theory, they're currently off partying in England in the hopes that the kid will be born with a British accent...

ALSO A HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS: To Mack of *Three O'Clock Train* and Sally of *Station 10* fame, who are expecting their first bouncing bundle in October.

The Train, incidentally, have now signed with Paul Levesque

New In Town

Setting a trend that will hopefully take root is a band from, of all places, Connecticut called *Elan*. They'll be up in Montreal this month, and heading on to Toronto from here, doing the rounds of the alternative clubs in the city.

Being more accustomed to travelling down to Boston and New York than up to foreign lands, the band has a keyboard-based sound and lists influences from Led Zeppelin to Depeche Mode. They've released an indie 8-song LP and have opened for the *Cult* in their native New England.

The band is currently working on getting a major label deal, and that's part of the reason for coming to Montreal. "Playing shows in a foreign country, even if that country is next door, is impressive for a record company. And they want to see how well we perform on the road," says vocalist Erich Malloy. "Also, playing in Montreal will be a nice change for us after playing New England so much."

Elan is the first of several bands from the States to try a multi-club blitz. Other bands under the same management will be coming later in the summer to experience our wonderful Quebec culture (you know—poutine, spruce beer, smoked meat, sign laws and all the rest), and the alternative scene. And the Connecticut alternative scene? "It's non-existent," says Malloy.



BANNED INFO

Management, the same folks who inflicted *Luba* on the world. However, we have been reassured that she won't be appearing on any records, videos, or anti-smoking campaigns the Train might become involved with. The band have also completed six or seven tracks for inclusion on their next album due out next April, according to Mr. Mack. "That way, if it comes out before, people will really be impressed."

Down In The Basement Department: OG Records has just released volume four of *It Came From Canada* with all sorts of nifty, sludgy bands and the *Sons of the Desert* (definitely a weird choice for a sludge LP), and *Deja Voodoo's* own *Big Pile O' Mud* ("We called it that because that's all the letraset we had," says Gerard). *Mud* will also be pressed in Greece for European distribution with a couple of added tracks. The sound is definitely vintage Voodoo, but it's a little tougher this time around, maybe due to the fact that it was recorded at a professional studio (Studio Secret).

Voodoo recently returned from a European tour where they did really well, and not through the normal England, France, Germany route: "Yeah, we seem to have built up a really big following in Finland and Greece," says Gerard. "It was a lot of fun because we also got to be idiot tourists."

Upcoming from OG are records from T.O.'s *Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet*, probably sometime this summer, and a new LP by the *Gruesomes* in the Fall. The *Dik Van Dykes'* album is also going into its third pressing, surprising everyone

WARNING

READ THIS COMIC STRIP-ADVERTISEMENT AT YOUR OWN RISK! NOT ONLY DID THE MONTREAL MIRROR REFUSE TO PUBLISH THIS PARTICULAR INSTALLMENT AS A FINAL CONTRIBUTION-PARTING GESTURE, BUT THEY WOULD NOT EVEN ACCEPT MY OWN "HARD EARNED" CASH IN EXCHANGE FOR AD SPACE IN WHICH TO DISPLAY THE VERY WORDS YOU ARE NOW READING. FUCK YOU.



NEXT ISSUE

THE SHIT REALLY HITS THE FAN(S).
COMIC STRIP FORMAT REVIEW OF FOUFOUNES
FIRST INTERNATIONAL SHOCK ART FESTIVAL.



And a hearty congrats to Emer of Chinese Backwards.

including the band and OG records. They'll be in town, playing with Voodoo, on July 2.

Jerry Jerry and ther Revolving Orchestra Department: Guitarist Johnny Watts is no longer with the *Sons of Rhythm* and the band is currently working as a four-piece, with no plans to expand back to five. Bass player Andy Jameson of the *Wanted* is also practicing with the band in order to have a bassist on reserve for when Blake Cheetah may be out-of-town with the *Asexuals*...

As for any rumours about Jerry moving to Toronto (and we didn't start this one, folks), Jerry says this is just a rumour and he probably won't even get to visit the place in the near future, never mind move there.

Yet Another Obituary: *Krak*, the Program Guide of CKUT Radio McGill is no more. Several issues of the magazine came out in a format similar to ours, but financial problems have forced them to downscale the

publication to more of a strict guide to the station's programming. It's a mixed blessing for us at *RearGarde* as *Krak* was competition for advertisers, but it's always disappointing to see something that supports the scene go under. Hopefully, some of their writers will offer us their services and we can work closer with CKUT in the future...

More Popperganda Department: "The biggest news for My Dog Popper is that band bassist Stu and band bitch Jordan are getting married in October," says Popper person Eric (who also insisted that Jordan has a great sense of humour. I hope so after that introduction). "And none of you fuckers are invited." Well, **Congratulations** in any case...

As for the band, their album will actually be on the street in July. It's called *668, Neighbour of the Beast* and will be distributed both in the States (on Kane records) and in Canada (by Cargo, as the first LP on their new label)...

And if that isn't enough, Popper will actually be going out on a cross-Canada tour with *Nomeansno* in late July. "And we're looking for a Winnebago. So if anyone out there wants to give us one, please let us know... Or an Airstream—they're those big silver vans that look like giant penises," says Eric. "The tour will probably be a golden oldies tour. We'll pull out all our old songs that people across the country have never heard and dig up all the old props: Crucifixing, dog burning, sheep shooting... it all depends on how much cash we have..."

Incidentally, Popper has a new guitarist in the form of Woogie Woogster the third. "And he's definitely not the same guy who's on Profile Records and plays with *D.B.C.* No way!" says Eric. "Make sure you print that." Right.

The *Infamous Basturds* are burning through the town (but no one's

caught them yet) with news of a new six-song 45 to be released in the next month. If you want to hassle the group (or be hassled by them, more likely), drop by the Thunderdome any weekend. In the interim, the band is still planning an extensive tour this summer...

New Band In Town Department: **Shlonk** (and I hope I spelled that right) has been formed around Angie (ex of **Fail-Safe** and **My Dog Popper**), Colleen (still with **My Dog Popper**) and Jody (whom I admit I just don't know). They opened for **G.G. Allin** at

Foufounes recently—surely a debut under fire—with several guest musicians including the inestimable (I don't know what that means either, but I think it's nice) **Marian McNair** of the *Montreal Mirror*...

The band has now found itself a permanent drummer, and is recording in June. This sounds serious. "We're serious, but we're not too serious," says Angie. "And we'll be playing more shows soon, but nobody's really called me yet..."

On The Demo Front: Both **Rise** and the **Alternative Inuit** recorded

recently at the CRSG studios and have some excellent tunes to flog...

Big Big Party Party Department: The *Mirror* third anniversary party happening June 3 at the Spectrum. Among others performing will be the **Nils**, **Talk Shop**, **Yemsgane**, **Les Taches**, the **French Bastards**, the **Chernobyl Sisters**, **Peinture en Direct**, and the whole thing will be hosted by **E.J. Brûlé**. All happening on the third, go out and support Montreal's best cultural rag, and get drunk doing it...

The *Mirror* itself is doing really well. They now print 30,000 copies every two weeks and get free tickets to all sorts of things...

Okay, the much-delayed *Listen 111* comp. from VOT records is finally on its way and there'll be a launch at Club Soda July 25 with five or six of the bands featured on the album...

VOT records chief Duncan McTavish is currently working with local group **Remote Viewing**, trying to put together a package to market in Europe. He's also starting work on next year's **New Music Fest** (put a *RearGarde* ad in that budget, Duncan old boy) and promises it'll be even bigger than this year's. "And the VOT offices are definitely taking advantage of the sunshine," says Duncan.

The **American Devices** are back to their original line-up with the recent loss of bass player Sylvie Payne. Sylvie left due to a "personality conflict" and is now working on her own music, tho' she is 'open to suggestions'...

Tootin' The Darned Department: One local cow-punquers are playing the upcoming COCA conference in T.O. (that's the Campus Organizations of Canada Association, or something like that), which could help get them in big with folks across the country. "We know it's big because they sent us a map of the stage recently," says guitarist Steve.

They're also getting the cash together for a second pressing of *Hoarse Opera*, and have received fan mail from as far away as West Germany (which just goes to prove that it ain't all speed-metal over there)...

Talk Shop seems to be the new band of choice for benefits. Not only did they play the *Psyche-Fest* and *RearGarde* Benefit, they're now playing the *Mirror* anniversary party and a *Peace Festival* being held in Jeanne Mance park on the 11th...

Welcome Home has released a poppy four song EP both to get some

People dropping by Station 10 for a show and a drink were out of luck for much of April as the club had some hassles with the long arm of the law. These problems resulted in the club's liquor license being revoked for three weeks, and the club closing for much of that period.

"When we have bands, they put a guy at the door because that's how they make their money," says bar owner Casey. "So people would let in kids and let out people with bottles of beer. The cops saw this more than once and they weren't pleased with it."

As a result, the club ended up in court, and the judge wasn't amused. So the liquor license took a powder.

"We tried all-ager shows, and it was most successful with Bokomaru, but it was like McDonald's in here with all the little kids running around," says Casey. "So we closed down for ten days. I mean, how many Cokes and Pepsis can one consume?"

The club did use this shut down time effectively, however. The stage was enlarged, as was the dance floor (with the removal of the old DJ booth), the sound was recalibrated, and some new equipment purchased.

"The primary concern here is to showcase bands," says Casey. "There are a lot of garage bands who want to expose themselves in a semi-professional setting and we give them that chance."

The club will continue its booking policy of having bands seven days a week, with cover bands Monday to Wednesday, and alternative bands the rest of the week. Appearances by out-of-town bands, like recent shows by the *Crawlin' Kingsnakes*, the *Rheostatics*, and the *Absolute Whores*, might be on the way out.

"We're bringing in some good out-of-town bands," says Casey. "But if people don't recognize the band, they don't come down to Station 10 and chance it. We'll probably cool off on those shows until we get more of a media plan together."

In the meantime, with new renovations the club is in the music biz for the long haul. But again, that long arm... The club's back in court this month. The charge: illegal poster. (Aren't there murderers out there that deserve capturing instead?)

Session Success



The Nils

PHOTO: Maggie Arbour

As reported in the March issue of *RearGarde*, the quartet who put together *Brave New Waves* five nights a week have been busy working on a proposal to create recording sessions at the CBC for Canadian bands. Well guess what—the heads of such things at the CBC went along with it.

Early in July the producers of *Brave New Waves* (Heather Wallace & David Ryan) along with the music director (Kevin Komoda) and host (Brent Bambury) will trudge down to the offices of the head of the CBC stereo network to discuss the project.

"We'll have to see what he wants from us when we get back from our vacation in July," says Bambury. As of now the details haven't been finalized but a couple possibilities according to Bambury are either a weekly one hour show on the network which would contain the sessions as well as a short interview and possibility some older material thrown in or maybe have the sessions as part of a weekly feature on *Brave New Waves*.

The people in charge of the sessions will be the same crew who bring you *BNW*, but Komoda will be the one who will be doing the actual in-studio production work. All four members of the crew will have a hand in the process to choose which bands to record.

To date they have already produced sessions with *The Rheostatics*, *The Nils*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *Change of Heart* and *Pretty Green*. Bands that think they might have the goods to get in on this they can send their tapes to *Brave New Waves*. "We're always keeping our ears open," says Bambury. "Hot demos will be needed."

Besides the bands getting the opportunity to work in a 24 track studio for a day and coming out with a decent demo, what could this mean? "Politically it's an important program for the CBC network. They might say that certain bands are too heavy (read 'Hardcore'), but hopefully not. Hopefully they'll say 'you seem to know what you're doing.'"

Warren Campbell

product onto the market and to try and get some label interest in the band. "We could have just made a demo, but we wanted to get it out on the market and let the people decide," says keyboardist/vocalist Chris.

The album was launched at *Secrets in May* and is called *Ladies and Gentlemen... Welcome Home*, an introduction LP if I've ever heard one. The approach was deliberately poppy, says Chris, more so than their previous 45: "We don't want to alienate people who could help us in the industry. We figure we can get more experimental, heavier, once we're more established..."

Omigawd, Yet More Congratulations: To Emer of *Chinese Backwards* who tied the knot in May (I'm afraid I don't have the name of the lucky groom)...

In the meantime, the band is on the move, backing up the *Mission* at the Spectrum recently. They'll also be playing *Bar l'Intro* with the *Hodads* later this month as part of a *CHOM NMF* promotion of local talent to folks in the industry (though we still haven't received our invitations. I just can't understand it). And they're still flogging their demo, looking for that elusive record deal...

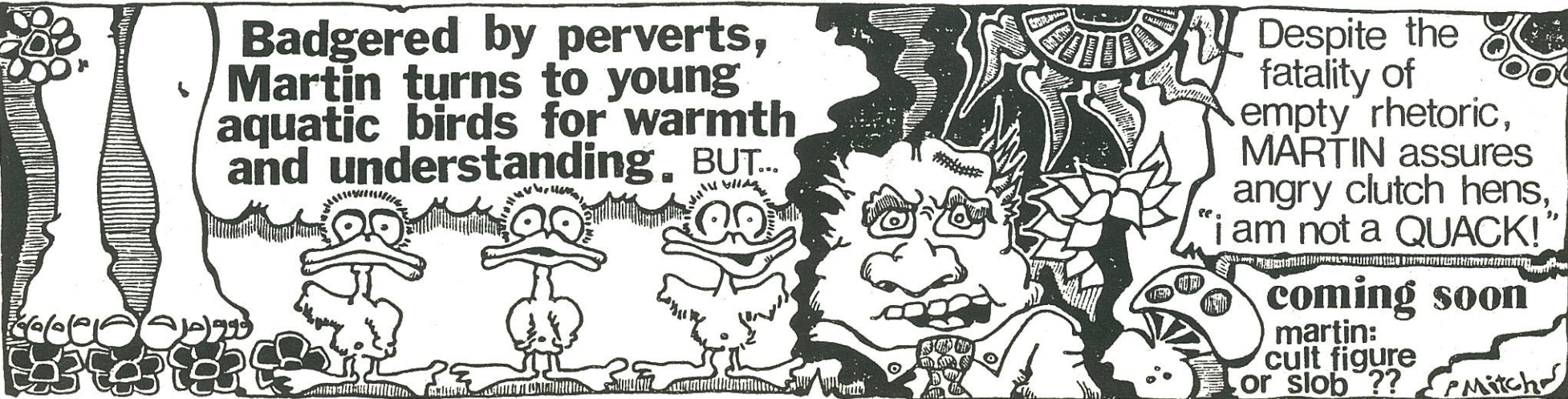
Finally, a little on the *Drones*, one of those bands who we don't mention too often because we never had their phone number. Anyhoo, they're playing at the fire station in Baie d'Urfé on the 11th, along with *A.I.*, *Sons of the Desert*, *Asexuals*, and the *Vegetables* in the second annual event of this type. If you can't go west, my son (or daughter) to catch 'em at that show, they're on the soon-to-be-released-but-not-quite-yet new *Listen* comp with a sound that Eric of the band describes as "Heavier than pop, lighter than heavy." And they should be doing more shows in town this summer as all the band members should be in town this year...

And that, my friends, is just about all. Somehow I feel more like E.J. Gordon than Hunter S. Thompson with all these birth and marriage announcements, but what the hell, it isn't a living either way... If you've got info on a band, are in a band, or just like to talk, give us a ring at 932-7945 or drop some propaganda in the mail (*RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4) and we'll put it in next issue's column.

Banned Info was compiled from the *RearGarde* wired services by Paul Gott and J.D. Head.

Electric Centipedes

Badgered by perverts,
Martin turns to young
aquatic birds for warmth
and understanding. BUT...

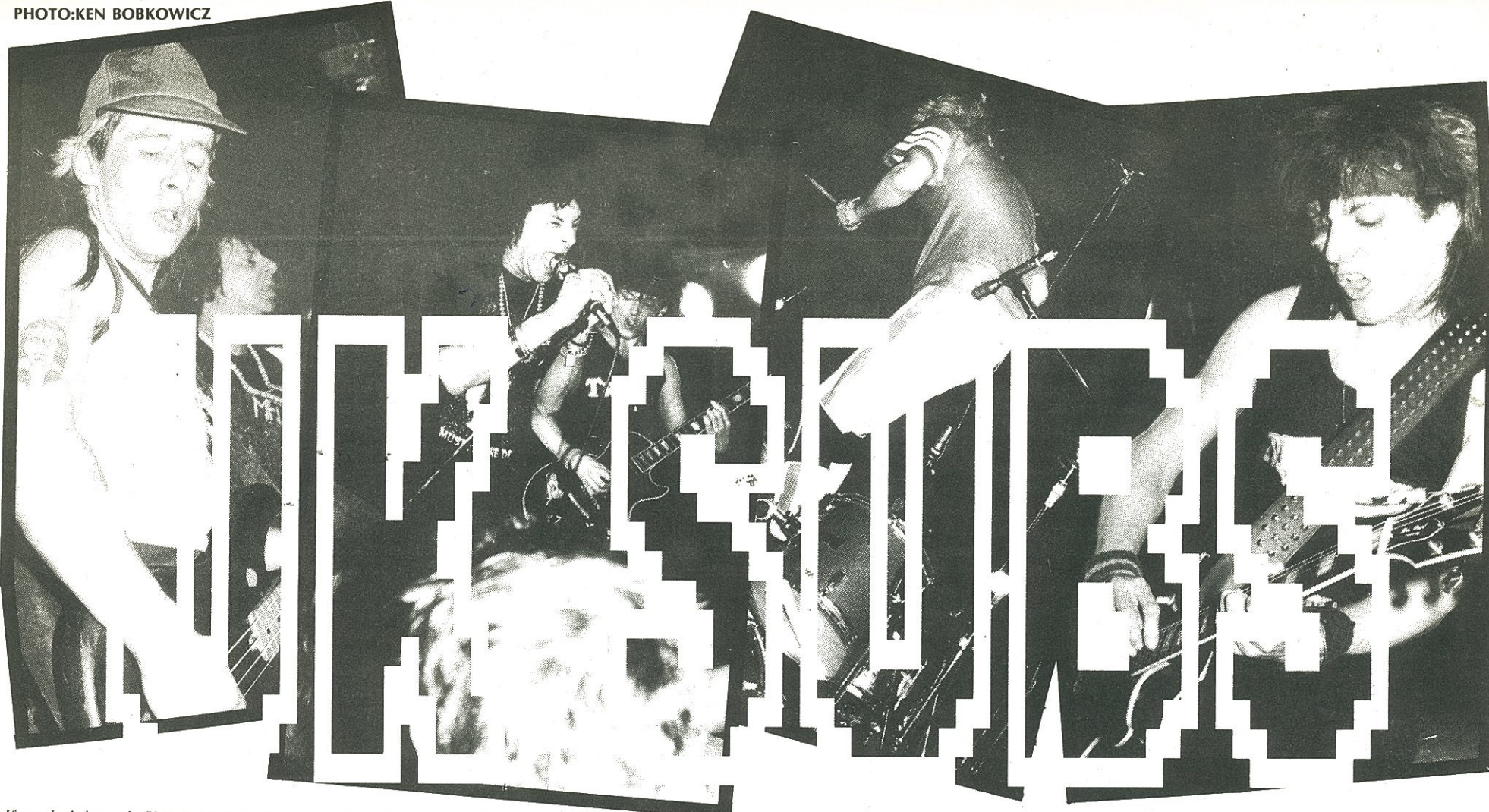


by Mitch Brisebois

Despite the fatality of empty rhetoric, MARTIN assures angry clutch hens, "i am not a QUACK!"

coming soon
martin:
cult figure
or slob ??

PMitch



If you don't know the U.K. Subs, then what the Hell are you doing reading this magazine. They've been a Punk staple for ten years now and Charlie Harper has been the centre of the band. They seemed to be an appropriate high point for the *Black Lite* to end its concert days with when they played the last live show there early last month with the *Broken Bones* and our own *Northern Vultures*.

Charlie was intercepted by erstwhile *RearGarde* ad personage Nadia d'Amico at the club while yours truly hopped on a metro with our trusty tape recorder. The interview was conducted in the back of the club over a background of Bad Brains music (and then completed in their crowded tour van) and Charlie turned out to be one of the friendliest and most articulate 'rock stars' I've ever met.

RearGarde: How come you guys are still alive after a lot of bands who started out at the same time have broken up?

Charlie: Well, we were enjoying what we were doing before everybody else jumped on the bandwagon. We decided that this is what we were going to do before the Punk thing happened. We didn't stop doing it just because the fad became unpopular.

RearGarde: Does it surprise you that it never became fashionable?

Charlie: But it did, it became monstrously fashionable. So much so that if you look in high class magazines, you see a lot of punk art. And TV commercials in England—I don't know if you've got them here—are being filmed in this fuzzed out type of home-movie jerky style. It's like all the big art world has copied Punk from ten years ago—the style, the slogans, everything. Now you get *Weetabix* commercials with skinheads on them, *Aero* commercials with skinheads on them. It's probably because the underground artists from ten years ago have got better jobs and are working for the big art companies now. And now we're stealing the art back off them again.

RearGarde: Does it bug you when you see Punks advertising chocolate bars?

Charlie: No. It's quite funny really.

RearGarde: You guys have gone through a lot of membership changes. Are you the only member left from the original band?

Charlie: Really, yeah. We're lucky enough to have Steve Roberts back in the band. He's done a couple of albums with us and he's one of the best drummers we've ever had. But unfortunately he's a raving alcoholic and he's at this moment unconscious in the van. (laughs)

RearGarde: So the show might start a little late...

Charlie: No, no, we've already done the sound check and Tez, the lead singer for *Broken Bones* was our drummer at one time, he also played bass and guitar for us. And their manager was our drummer last

time we came over, so if Steve is too bad we've got people who can take over. The last two nights, he's come back and done a terrific set.

RearGarde: Okay, the last studio album of yours I heard was *Huntingdon Beach*. Have you put anything out since then?

Charlie: Yeah, we've got a new one called *Japan Today*.

RearGarde: You're not releasing as many albums as you used to.

Charlie: That's because for every album of ours, there's about three unofficial albums. The market's just swamped with unofficial Subs albums and we just don't get a chance to release our own albums nowadays.

RearGarde: You can't stop people from releasing these things?

Charlie: No, I don't believe in blocking people. I really believe in absolute freedom, as long as you're not hurting anyone physically. I don't care about people hurting people financially.

RearGarde: How come you named the *Huntingdon Beach* album after a place in the States?

Charlie: Because whenever I go down to California I find myself with people from that end of the beach. Now, *Huntingdon Beach* is like where people like you and me hang out. It's big wide-open beaches. It's where all the poor kids go to skateboard and surf and stuff. The poseurs are at Venice Beach or Long Beach. And there's a good little club scene there, it's a tiny town but it has some nice clubs and bars, and the people there have pride in where they come from, they don't just want to go up into the big, commercial city.

RearGarde: Also on that album, there's a song called *Miss Teenage USA*...

Charlie: Yeah, I met one of them last night. There's a girl band out of Richmond, Virginia that we became pretty friendly with, and they're called *Miss Teenage U.S.A.* Anyway, we invited them to come stay with us in London, and they did. We took them down into the subway, and when you come into certain stations there's an announcement that says "Mind the gap, mind the gap, stay away from the doors." And they thought this was brilliant and they went back home and renamed their band *Mind the Gap*, which I thought was really stupid because *Miss Teenage USA* is a brilliant name for a band. So I thought I couldn't let that name die and I wrote the song.

RearGarde: Is your sound evolving?

Charlie: At the moment, we're just having fun playing fast and hard.

RearGarde: Do you find the crowd wants you to play a lot of your old stuff?

Charlie: Oh yeah, we've been doing that for a while. Every tour we do we try to pick up on all the requests and we change our set to how we think it fits in that country.

RearGarde: Does it bother you that maybe

you're known more for your older stuff than your newer songs?

Charlie: No, because a lot of bands almost deny their old stuff. And there's nothing quite like that first fine careless rapture, that they never can quite recapture—that's a poem, that's not me. Anyway, a lot of bands are like "This isn't seventy-seven anymore, we've moved on from there." and they think their new stuff's hot shit, you know it isn't. It hasn't got that freshness. And even though a lot of stuff we've got from then are set fillers, where we wrote them in five minutes, we had a lot of fun doing it and I think that comes through. A lot of songs, like *Warhead* and *CID* still have that freshness, sound almost modern.

RearGarde: Do you find there's a different atmosphere in the scene now—that maybe it's a bit stale?

Charlie: It depends where you are, I guess. We played in New York last night, and the scene's gone really sour there. It maybe could just be the club we played in which was a great big old club and they charged too much for people to get in, and you've got this pit to slam in and it's all like macho man "Who's king of the Pit?" you know. Even there were some girls out proving how tough they were, and one girl got her ribs broken... and people were getting crushed up against the front of the stage, and there were all sorts of fights.

RearGarde: Do you ever feel you'll get too old for this sort of thing.

Charlie: Yeah... too right. (laughs) I've been going to bed after these shows at four or five in the morning, and I've been getting

up at seven, and it's been a bit too much for me—it's caught up to me. When I do a show like today, I find I'm sweating after the sound check. It could just be the lights, but I think I need a little more sleep.

RearGarde: What about the music scene in England: Is it alive and happening? All we ever hear about is the stuff in *Sounds* and *NME* and *Melody Maker*...

Charlie: Yeah, they don't write about the underground because, let's face it, these are commercial papers. They write for money and that alone, and so they have to have the popular bands. But the underground is getting stronger and stronger. There's some great, great talent in the underground again.

RearGarde: What do you think about straight-edge?

Charlie: When I used to tell every band that they were forming a Punk band ten years too late, you've got to do something different. I mean, you can't blame the *Cure* and bands like that for doing something different, you've got to find a new angle, and these guys have. There's things like speed-metal, and in England there's something called death metal and there's all these diverse things, but when you go to these shows, you see it's all just rock 'n roll the way it should be played. The only difference is in the way you dress.

RearGarde: Do you like touring?

Charlie: I love it, I love it. I mean, wouldn't you like to tour the world? It's something I always dreamed of doing, but it was a dream, I never thought I would be doing it. And now I'm doing it... It's great, but it's also never easy. The first time I came over to North America, I wasn't impressed. I mean, in England you can drink beer in the streets and all summer long you drink in the Pubs and in the streets and in the parks—London's just full of large parks. It's very green, you'd be surprised. Anyway, we're used to drinking in the streets, and here we're restricted. That's something we hold dear, because Punk rockers can drink a six-pack on the way to a show, and have a party on the way back in the bus and that's something you just can't do here. So, the first time I was here I wasn't impressed. I thought it was even a more tacky Europe. But then I got to accept things, like that there are poor people here—that's a culture shock, because in England everyone thinks that if you're from North America, you're rich.

RearGarde: Do you hear a lot of the American underground in England?

Charlie: Yeah, there's a lot of kids who know exactly what's going on. We have lots of import shops...

RearGarde: What about new bands like the *Butthole Surfers*—noise bands?

Charlie: Yeah, well it's like I just got this new *Butthole Surfers* tape and it's really ridiculously bad. They have some excuse like "Hey, we're into a sound, man" but

they do a lot of tricks on it, you know. It's like Punk back-drop music, it's like music that they play when you walk into a club. But bless their poor little hearts, they don't know any better, they're from Texas, aren't they. Kind of retarded, but they're trying hard.

RearGarde: Do you do any covers?

Charlie: Yeah, *She's Not There*, an old sixties standard. And *My Way*... our drummer does a lovely rendition of that song.

RearGarde: Have you guys ever considered changing your sound to something a little more commercial, like a *Husker Du* type sound?

Charlie: If our guitarist was intelligent enough, maybe, yeah. (Everybody laughs, including the guitarist)

Okay, there was more but two things happened: The *Subs* found out that they were going on second at the show (instead of third), and our tape recorder cut out in the last bit of the interview, so the mass-produced toy question is lost to antiquity. A couple of tidbits for you: The *Broken Bones* seem to be closely related to the *Subs* in a kind of incestuous membership sort of way and were splitting headlines with the *Subs* on the tour. Charlie didn't mind, he says it's more fun to warm up than be the headliner. The bands had been living in a mobile home and were looking forward to their first motel room in a week. And both bands agreed that Montreal has one mean-looking bunch of skinheads (yours truly not included).

As for the show, the *Northern Vultures* opened up with an amazing set of start-stop hardcore, with the occasional pop-style gang-vocal that really worked. In fact, everything seemed to work: The band was tight, and the songs had power. I was sorry I could only catch half their set. Next time I'll be there for the whole thing.

And the U.K. *Subs*? They were great. It was hard and fast, as promised, and they powered through all their hits from the opening *CID*, to *Warhead* to *Tomorrow's Girls* and on. Someone said later that they were sloppy and sure they were, but that's rock 'n roll.

They bounced around, played guitar on top of the speaker stacks, got the crowd yelling lyrics to four or five songs, got folks slamming and did the old encore thing. All in all, ten times as good as the Robert Plant show happening down the street (and at half the price).

My only complaint was that it was too damn short. That brought the *Broken Bones* on with some fresh-sounding speed-metal that seemed to keep the crowd happy but drove me out of the club and down the street to Station 10 to see the *Absolute Whores*.

Interview conducted by Paul Gott.



The Players:

Chico: A man in desperate need of a haircut. Most Infamous of the group probably even before he started singing. Currently working on his third volume of one-liners...

Celso: Axe-man, who also plays guitar. A man to whom distortion became a way of life. Voted most likely to take a life by the nightshift of Station 25...

Randy: Bass player, voted to have best original line in the following interview (we checked for crib sheets before starting). A person to whom I must be nice because I owe him \$42...

Billie: Oft-misspelled drummer. A late but valuable addition to the band who remains quiet during the interview and seems vaguely uneasy throughout. Probably just waiting for a higher-paying job...



Paul: Currently working with the *RearGarde* pseudonym and noied Joan Jett fan. Confused, rushed, and slightly off-balance (as usual), would like to blame this interview on a mild case of sun-stroke...

The Set-Up:

A quiet Monday evening at the CRSG radio studios. Paul is cueing tapes for the weekly Music Underground Montreal (MUM) show. The *Infamous Basturds* turn up complete with demo tape from an upcoming record release.

The Basturds have visited CRSG once before. The result was the firing of the DJ who invited them and some minor renovations to the studio. The assignment of the day was to complete the interview without incurring any large physical damage nor (more importantly) getting fired...

The Punch-Line:

RearGarde: Maybe this was a mistake. But they're here, the Infamous Basturds...

(loud cheering and laughter from the sound booth)

RearGarde: Yeah, we're turning their mike down already... You'll notice we repainted the studio since you guys were here last.

Randy: That was Mike's fault.

Chico: Yeah, he gave us the drugs.

RearGarde: Okay, where'd the name come from?

Celso: TV Guide.

RearGarde: TV Guide?

Celso: Yeah, it's a John Wayne movie.

Randy: No it isn't.

Celso: Yes it is.

Randy: My mom told me...

Chico: Listen to him! If the movie calls for a glass brain... John Wayne.

Randy: Okay, we saw it in TV Guide. *(laughs)*

RearGarde: So where's the video?

Randy: Next week...

Chico: If we can get the grant.

Celso: Yeah, RCA won't give us the money yet. They're going for *Sons of the Desert*, not us.

RearGarde: Don't you guys think you'd get a little further with RCA if you came up with a slightly cuter name than Infamous Basturds?

Celso: Infamous Basturds is the core of death!

(Much general agreement from the band. Chico is restrained from putting holes in the studio wall before yet another DJ is fired.)

Chico: So what was the question?

RearGarde: Why don't you come up with a cuter name?

Chico: Infamous Pinkness? Notorious Bastards?

Randy: Notorious Bad-Guys.

Chico: The Doughboys.

RearGarde: I think it's taken. But don't you ever have trouble explaining it to your parents?

Celso: It doesn't make a difference after a while, with the music we play.

Chico: What do you mean, it doesn't make a difference?... We just want to party, that's all.

RearGarde: So you're a party band.

Randy: Yeah, a political party band. *(laughs)*

RearGarde: Like the Democrats.

Chico: We're Republicans.

(Talk turns to Montley Fruit, a Basturds clone band that played at the RearGarde benefit. The guys claim that the Fruit are from California though one might suspect that that band was actually just an excuse for the Basturds to go on stage with four mini-skirted go-go dancers.)

Celso: What girls?

Chico: What girls?

Randy: What are you talking about?

Chico: There's only one girl, and she's in the band.

RearGarde: Yeah, that's right. Billie, how does it feel to be with these...uh...guys?

(The band laughs and abuses the microphone a little.)

Randy: It feels great! *(More laughter and general discussion.)*

Billie: *(softly)* It feels great.

Chico: Now say it like you mean it.

Billie: *(in Tony the Tiger imitation)* It feels great!

Celso: That's better. Now you get paid.

Chico: Another question!

RearGarde: Okay, now half the people who've seen you say you're speed metal, and the other half say you're Punk.

Chico: We're not Punk.

Celso: We're commercial, middle-of-the-road. We were going to open for Fleetwood Mac but they said we're too mellow.

Chico: Glam rock.

Randy: It all depends on where you draw the line. If you think *Cro-Mags* are speed metal, then you'd figure we're speed metal...

Chico: If you think long hair means speed metal, then I guess you've got a problem.

Randy: Fuck, am I serious! I've been drinking too much coffee, that's why.

Celso: People are going to be taking notes.

(Band starts discussing jokes and coffee drinking, goes on to deny that their show is based on props and

INFAMOUS

starts abusing the interviewer again, start making funny sounds into the microphone.)

Randy: ...We use gimmicks because we can't rely on our music. *(laughs)*

RearGarde: You seemed pretty together at the *RearGarde* Benefit.

Celso: That's because we were great.

RearGarde: How did it feel to go over better than DBC?

(Everyone laughs)

Chico: Amazing, but I wasn't surprised.

(Everyone laughs again and the discussion degenerates once more. The phone rings but everyone refuses to answer it.)

RearGarde: Okay, where's this demo of yours from?

Randy: We recorded it down in Longueuil.

Celso: That's where D.B.C. recorded their first demo.

Randy: Fuck, are we big. *(laughs)*

(We play a song off their demo.)

RearGarde: ...So you guys are faster now.

Randy: Yeah, a lot faster.

Chico: Faster than fast, faster than a rabbit with a fox on his ass.

Celso: He's the poet. He writes all the lyrics. *(laughs)*

Randy: Ever since we got Billie, we've been going faster. I'm telling you, she must be Satan or something...

Celso: Ever since she left Slayer...

RearGarde: Why a demo?

Randy: We're doing it because it's a way to get a record contract.

Chico: Recognition from the human race.

Celso: He's being political again.



RearGarde: If you're a political band, what are you fighting for?

Chico: For your right to party.

Randy: To stay out after eleven. *(Believe it or not, the conversation degenerates once again. Don't look*

at the band.)

Billie: Damn right.

RearGarde: So when are you guys going to change the name, put out a commercial album and make millions of dollars?

Celso: Didn't we already?

RearGarde: This seems like a relevant question: How serious are you guys about the band?

Celso: We're really serious, but we're going to laugh our way to the top.

Randy: And if we don't make it, it's going to be a good laugh...

Everyone: All the way down.

Randy: The band we take seriously, but we just like having fun. I'm not going to go out on stage and go 'Fuck the system, fuck the system' just because it's cool. There's enough bands that do that. Except when I'm at home with my mom and she tells me to go clean up my room. I go 'Fuck the system, ma, fuck the system.'

(Everyone laughs.)

The band is left in the studio for a while and they make all sorts of bald jokes that unfortunately don't make it onto the tape. They're heading out on a tour this summer down the east coast and around the Great Lakes, playing with *Life Sentence* and *Verbal Assault*.

Chico's still looking for jokes. Carnival is the beer of choice for the band, even though Randy is the only one who drinks. But they're not straight-edge ("No way, signor").

The record is coming out soon. The band can't quite figure out if there'll be six or 26 tunes on it. Odds on six. We play yet another song, *Ferme ta gueule*, which features Chico screaming instead of singing ("We didn't have time to memorize any lyrics. And still it turned into a hit!").

We run through the band's likes and dislikes. The only group they all seem to like is Van Halen (though Randy is very impressed with the *Talk Shop* demo). The *Jacksons* are also mentioned ("But only the first album, before they went commercial, when they still had that hard edge").

Some final words from the band: Why go to an Infamous Basturds show? "To have fun." Why buy an Infamous Basturds record? "Why not? It's only two-fifty."

Interview conducted by Paul Gott.

RearGarde: How come Billie doesn't say anything?

Randy: Coz she'd embarrassed to be in the band.

RearGarde: So this is just a stepping stone to a more respectable career.

Chico: We don't know each other.

Randy: We're not really the band...

Celso: As soon as we joined the group, we lost all our friends.

RearGarde: Hard to believe.

Chico: And we're such nice guys, too.

RearGarde: How come Billie doesn't say anything?

Randy: Coz she'd embarrassed to be in the band.

RearGarde: So this is just a stepping stone to a more respectable career.

BASTURDS

Day 1

April 14

Alternative Inuit, Les Parazit, The Darned, The Hodads, Jerry Jerry

I guess it's too much to expect people in Montreal to go out to shows before 10:30. I mean, how many *RearGarde* concert reports have started with "I got there last and missed the opening band..."? But, with five bands to play before the witching hour, the Benefit nights started at 9 PM to a half-full (or half-empty) club.

On the first night, it meant that people who were at home watching the Canadiens lose missed two of Montreal's best bands. **Alternative Inuit** started off the night with one great set of pure hardcore. No metal histrionics (praise the Lord) and not much reggae influence (as I had been told) just straight-ahead, well-played, melodic hardcore—the type that mom used to hate (and probably still does). With Fail-Safe, probably one of the two top 'core groups in the city.

Les Parazit followed with their buzz guitar Sound of '77 sound. Some idiot somewhere described these lads as Heavy Metal. Not so: Chainsaw pop music which makes them my favourite band in the scene today. Once again, they were great, wall-of-sounding the place with only one guitar. Husker Du eat your heart out (looks like they've eaten everything else).

A quick change of style, and the **Darned** hit the stage. The guitars seemed a little fuzzier, and the tempos a little quicker than I remember them as the band let loose for the occasion. Altogether a solid cow-punquing set marred only by vocalist Donna Lee's unease on stage which contrasts quite sharply with the twin bouncing guitarists.

The Hodads followed with a solid rocking set that really got the crowd moving (even us Punksters who were more in the *A.I./Parazit* frame of mind). The place filled up with disappointed hockey fans during the band's set, and their mood quickly changed as the band rocked and rolled with a deadly party animal set. Fun.

Jerry Jerry and the Descendents of Rhythm Orchestra ended the evening with a set that can only be described as short. I missed the first couple of tunes because I was in the bar getting inebriated (something I thought appropriate for a JJ set). When I got back, the band played a couple of drunken steamers and something slow and then left the stage just when things were really warming up. The band seemed hot, but the set was so short, it was kinda hard to tell.

Oh, and **Wild Touch**? They didn't show up. Broke up or something, which is too bad coz I was looking forward to seeing them in action.

J.D. Head

Day 2

April 15



Urban Bushmen, Chinese Backwards, Talk Shop, The Asexuals, Yemsgane

Day Two started out with the (excuse the expression) unsung heroes of the Benefit. 'Unsung' because the **Urban Bushmen** were a last-minute replacement filling in for the cancelled **Wild Touch** (with a little schedule juggling thrown in).

Unfortunately, they also played to a largely empty room as the crowd filtered in even slower than on Day 1. Nevertheless, they came through with a solid rockin' set of r&b mixed with reggae, ska, and rock 'n roll. A little too bar bandish for my taste at times, they'll see me again at their shows, 'specially if they can nail down a style of their own.

The place filled up throughout the set of **Chinese Backwards**. A band that ain't embarrassed to play Ramones covers (except when they do benefits), they raced through some rockers back-stopped by a steady driving bass attack. Rock 'n roll is the key here, and the band works best with their three-chorders like *Up*. Some interesting touches with keyboards that



never descend into sappiness, the band really heated the place up.

The club had a chance to cool down while sound problems delayed the appearance of the next group, **Talk Shop**. An all-female trio, they started with thunder sound effects and a smoke machine and then dropped some three-chorders on a crowd that would never be as well-dressed as the girls on stage. The music was tight, energetic and fun and they won over the crowd despite the culture shock. Personally, I liked the originals, thought the Ramones cover was great, but went out for a beer during the Stones cover.

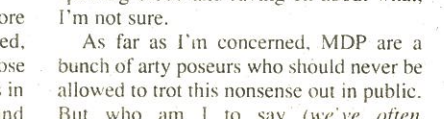
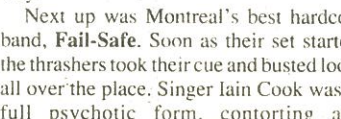
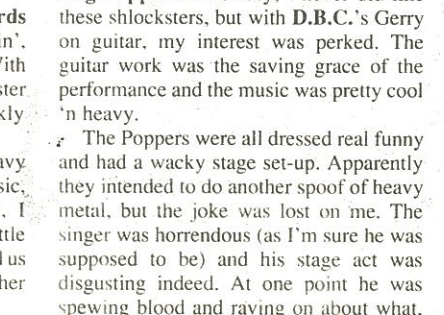
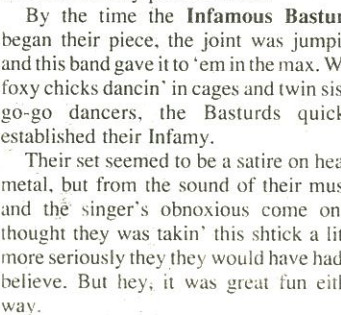
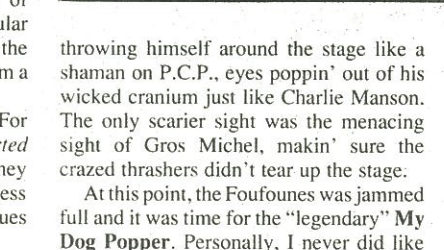
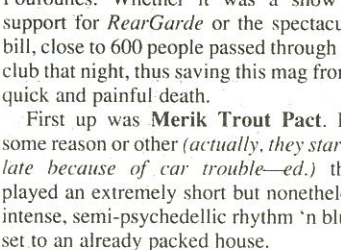
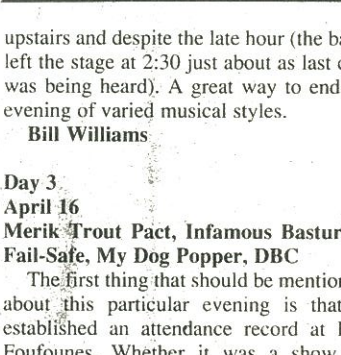
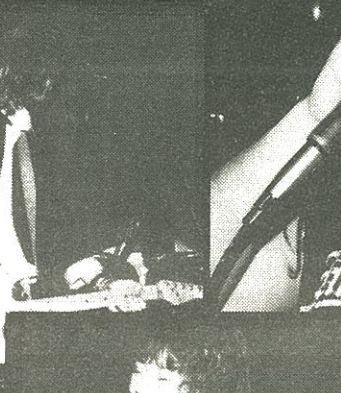
By the end of their set, at least one prominent local promoter wanted to offer to manage them (until he was told they already had a manager). And I'm sure the band received a lot of offers not quite so straightforward. Successful to the max.

The Asexuals were next and staggered their way through 45 minutes of Punk Muzik. Amazing. The loosest I've seen them in years and they really powered through their set without the normal talking between songs which tends to slow their shows down. The band was pure energy, with Blake Cheetah melding in really well with T.J. and Shaun on stage. And they dedicated their set to *RearGarde*'s own Warren Campbell: "We hope you make enough money to buy him a sense of humour." (We'd need three Benefits for that—ed.)

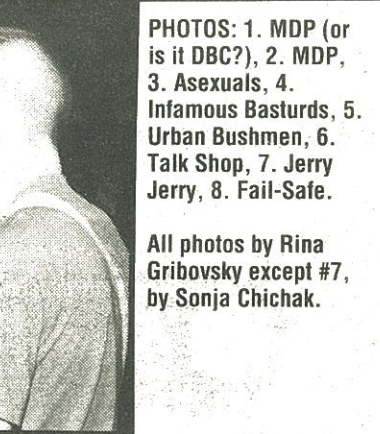
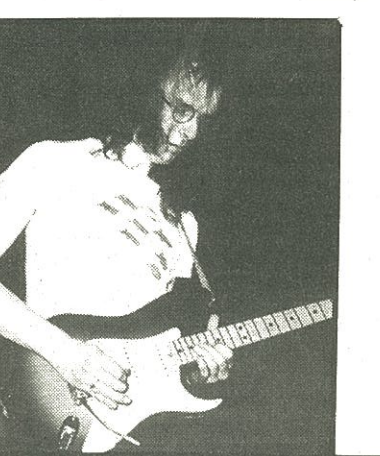
By this time it was 1 AM and the show was really running late ("Last band at midnight," hah!). At 1:30, the fastest rising reggae stars in the city took the stage, **Yemsgane**. They really took the stage, with a guitarist, bass, drums, keyboards, and a horn section, certainly the biggest set-up during the Benefit.

What do I know about reggae? Not much. But I do know that I really enjoyed Yemsgane because the band has style. It's a style that is based in roots, but uses dance hall and even some r&b to give it an original flavour. The crowd divided at this point, with some heading out to the bar but most staying and swaying with Bunny and the band.

A solid set of music that kept going throughout a rainstorm from a toilet



BENEFIT



PHOTOS: 1. MDP (or is it DBC?), 2. MDP, 3. Asexuals, 4. Infamous Basturds, 5. Urban Bushmen, 6. Talk Shop, 7. Jerry Jerry, 8. Fail-Safe.

All photos by Rina Gribovsky except #7, by Sonja Chichak.

upstairs and despite the late hour (the band left the stage at 2:30 just about as last call was being heard). A great way to end an evening of varied musical styles.

Bill Williams

Day 3

April 16

Merik Trout Pact, Infamous Basturds, Fail-Safe, My Dog Popper, DBC

The first thing that should be mentioned about this particular evening is that it established an attendance record at Les Foufounes. Whether it was a show of support for *RearGarde* or the spectacular bill, close to 600 people passed through the club that night, thus saving this mag from a quick and painful death.

First up was **Merik Trout Pact**. For some reason or other (actually, they started late because of car trouble—ed.) they played an extremely short but nonetheless intense, semi-psychedelic rhythm 'n blues set to an already packed house.

By the time the **Infamous Basturds** began their piece, the joint was jumpin', and this band gave it to 'em in the max. With foxy chicks dancin' in cages and twin sister go-go dancers, the Basturds quickly established their Infamy.

Their set seemed to be a satire on heavy metal, but from the sound of their music, and the singer's obnoxious come on, I thought they was takin' this shtick a little more seriously than they would have had us believe. But hey, it was great fun either way.

Next up was Montreal's best hardcore band, **Fail-Safe**. Soon as their set started, the thrashers took their cue and busted loose all over the place. Singer Iain Cook was in full psychotic form, contorting and

throwing himself around the stage like a shaman on P.C.P., eyes poppin' out of his wicked cranium just like Charlie Manson. The only scarier sight was the menacing sight of Gros Michel, makin' sure the crazed thrashers didn't tear up the stage.

At this point, the Foufounes was jammed full and it was time for the "legendary" **My Dog Popper**. Personally, I never did like these shlocksters, but with D.B.C.'s Gerry on guitar, my interest was perked. The guitar work was the saving grace of the performance and the music was pretty cool 'n heavy.

The Poppers were all dressed real funny and had a wacky stage set-up. Apparently they intended to do another spoof of heavy metal, but the joke was lost on me. The singer was horrendous (as I'm sure he was supposed to be) and his stage act was disgusting indeed. At one point he was spewing blood and raving on about what, I'm not sure.

As far as I'm concerned, MDP are a bunch of arty poseurs who should never be allowed to trot this nonsense out in public. But who am I to say (we've often

wondered—ed.) cuz at least 80 per cent of the audience loved every second of it.

One reason for the large turn-out that night could possibly have been the ever increasing popularity of Montreal's most happening band, D.B.C. And I'm here to say that all the hype you've heard about this band is true. These muthas are serious!

The Cells started with one of their new tunes, beginning slow and bluesy and built-up to a crescendo of cozmik swirling thrash action that I swear was gonna blow my head off. Their set contained quite a few new tunes which indicates the creative depth of the band.

The other item worthy of note is the amount of fun D.B.C. appears to be having on stage, particularly at the Foufounes. The energy level definitely inspires a rapport between band and audience.

No better act could have been chosen to close out this very successful benefit. And thanks to the great turn-out for all three nights, you'll get to read many more of the "humble" opinions oozing forth from my own dead brain cells.

Zippy

**Nils, Iron Fireman
Foufounes Electriques
May 14**

Okay, so the crowd was pre-adult, the evening was still well worth the price of admission and the uneasy feeling of being old at 22.

The opening band, Iron Fireman, started off rather slow and unsteady but they were so... well, sweet, for lack of a better word, and willing to please that you wanted to like them. By the end of the set, after a few songs about Indians and whatnot I think everyone did.

Their last two tunes proved the most enjoyable (sorry, forgot the names) as the band got almost raunchy. They just need a little more aggression and confidence. Oh, and nix on the hat guys.

The Nils were real crowd pleasers, doing what they've been doing the past how many years, only better.

Musically sound, although I'm still trying to figure out how a band can put out such gyratingly enjoyable rock without moving more than two steps from their prescribed X marks on stage. Good facial expressions on the drummer, though.

Shouts of "Cheap Trick" were fulfilled with the band's smokin' version of *Surrender*, putting the elder one to shame. The non-hazardous audience left sweaty but unexhausted, and so it seemed for the Nils.

Rula Kuntry

**Rheostatics
Station 10
May 20**

Another band at Station Ten. Wait a minute, this one's from Toronto, now that's a switch. The Rheostatics were making their debut, as far as live shows go, in Montreal and picked Station Ten to make that groundbreaking move. A quick history of the band before I tell you about the show you probably, but shouldn't have missed.

The Rheostatics are from Etobicoke, a suburb of Toronto. The Rheostatics have one album out, *Greatest Hits* on X Records. The Rheostatics have played all across Canada and drawn raves throughout but are struggling to make their name known east



PHOTO:KEN BOBKOWICZ

of Ottawa.

Why? I don't know. Any quartet that at any one time can have four different singers and can play anything from Pop to Rock to Country to Punk to Funk to Rap to Italian Sonatas (at least I guess that's what you call them) can't be all that bad. The covers they pulled out were just as varied, they included *Takin' Care of Business* (BTO or DOA?), *Play That Funky Music* (old 70's pre-disco Disco) and Mr. Lightfoot's classic *The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald*. Their Wreck maybe started out as a parody but ended up just sounding better than old Gordo could have imagined.

The Rheostatics had this odd habit of changing microphones during songs which kept the soundman on his toes throughout the night. Adding to their mic-switching was the guitarist's (Dave Bidini) constant jumping and leaping around which once resulted in his amplifier crashing to the stage. His style could best be described as how-the-hell-did-he-not-break-a-pick-during-that-song. His style of playing was with as much intensity as most Punk Rock guitarists, except he used an acoustic guitar all night.

The rest of the band were no slouches either, the bass player (Tim Vesely) even through in some mandolin playing and accordion playing just to keep everybody on the ball. This versatility kept the audience guessing as to what they would do next which I could guess to be the idea

behind the band. Besides changing some arrangements of some of the more familiar cuts from the album they were constantly off in another musical direction each time a song ended.

From Hardcore Rap to straight ahead Punk Rock the Rheostatics were able to pull it off, maybe if they keep coming back more people will get out to see them and make Montreal a second home for the band. Oh, yeah, why doesn't Station Ten sell Guinness? Best answer wins-an album. Cheers.

Warren Campbell

**The Mission, Chinese Backwards
Spectrum
May 21**

Local nouveau-sensations **Chinese Backwards** started the night and were greeted anxiously by about five or six hundred people. They wasted no time in strating their set with a rockin' instrumental immediately followed by yet another heavy tune.

Throughout their half-hour set, the sound wasn't as great as I'd expected, though it was certainly loud enough. Also, I was quite impressed by the band's lively performance and ability to hold the stage, proving their potential as professional performers. Special mention should be made of the splendid cape worn by keyboard player Emer.

I've never been a fan of the Mission on

vinyl, but I have to admit they're a totally different and much more dynamic band live.

Appearing onstage in a 'mystical' cloud of smoke and multi-coloured lights, they rocked their way through their old "hits" and several songs off their most recent album. (This information was divulged by Reliable Sources since I wouldn't know the difference). Also included in their set were good covers of *Aerosmith's Dream On*, *Iggy's 1969* and a totally mind-blown, awesome, spacey, rocked-out version of *Neil Young's Like A Hurricane*.

Singer Wayne Hussey's stage presence, incredible voice and seemingly unpretentious sincerity towards the audience was quite impressive. Of course,

I'd be sincere, too, if I had that many screaming teenage girls in the front row. Their lead guitarist was quite impressive, flashin' some crazy screaming riffs, at times taking on a jangly, psychedelic edge, and had me wishing I'd done some 'shrooms.

I was told that the Mission were a "goth" band, but there are only vague traces of that in their music. They actually sound suspiciously like a cross between the Cult and U2.

During one of several encores loudly demanded by the audience, Hussey played a stunning version of *Patti Smith's Dancing Barefoot*. In unbiased conclusion I's have to say that the Mission put on an excellent performance that satisfied their die-hard fans and even objective observers such as myself

Zippy



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OH HENRY

An Interview With The Henry Rollins Band

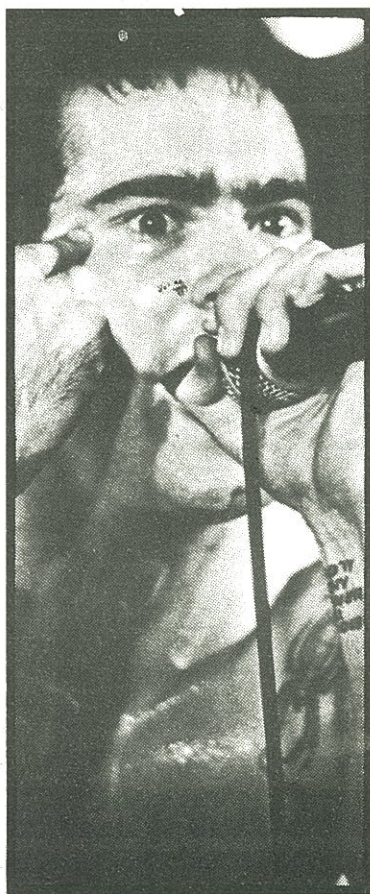
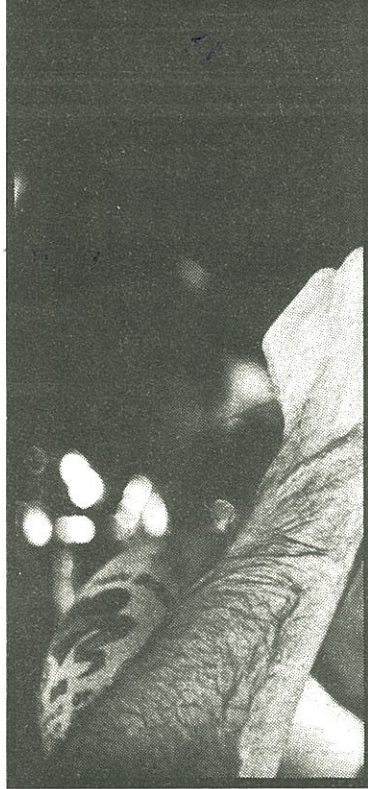


PHOTO: KARIN HEIDT

by Vince Tinguely

Standing in front of the Rollins Band was like suddenly waking up just as a war machine rolls through your living room.

There wasn't a light show—just a cold white light bathing the Foufounes stage. To the left was Andrew, pumping out a bass line with Chris' guitar licks mixed in like tearing metal sheets. Muscular, awesome Sim pounds a drum kit ringed with cymbals. In front, Henry Rollins is naked except for a pair of brief shorts. Sweat glistens under the cruel white light.

When **Black Flag** stayed overnight at my place in the summer of '84, Henry had long hair and tattoos on his arms. He and the band enjoyed a pancake breakfast and drove off leaving the impression that they were committed kinda hardcore guys. Vegetarians.

I was having difficulty synching that memory with the raging bull on the Foufounes stage. Henry had a huge sun symbol tattooed on his back with 'Search and Destroy' written above it. His hair was close-cropped and he was as solid and intense as a heavyweight boxer.

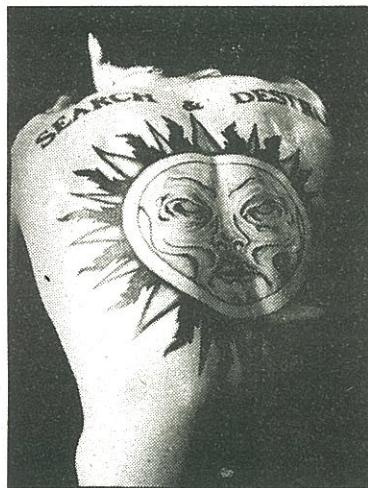
Henry glares into the audience and a bellow comes right up from his guts and washes over us. He's bent double, screaming like a stuck pig. The only relief offered during the band's set was during a cover of Lou Reed's *Move Right In*, when they suddenly broke into K.C. and the Sunshine Band's "That's the way, uh-huh, uh-huh, I like it, uh-huh, uh-huh."

"I think the musical message is pretty similar to the lyrical content," shaggy-haired Andrew had drawled before the set.

The three musicians had chatted for a while about how the Rollins band came about. Chris and Henry knew each other from "way back"—they're both from Washington D.C. Late in 1986, they met in their home town by chance and, since they had a little time, they decided to record an album.

Said Chris: "In the space of two weeks I found a band, found songs, booked studio time, and got everybody over there. Nobody in the band had ever played together before. I'd played with all of them, but they'd never met."

The result was *Hot Animal Machine*, the album that should have been the soundtrack to *Robocop*: "You gotta be



part animal, part machine/If you take a good look around you'll see what I mean."

Not long after this recording session, **Black Flag** disbanded. So did Chris' surf band in England. When *Hot Animal Machine* was released, Henry called on Chris, and they recruited Andrew and Sim for a tour to support the album. The Rollins band was born.

Speaking in American terms, it was a pretty 'local' band, since the rhythm section is from Princeton, New Jersey. But now Henry and Chris live in L.A.

They toured North America for the rest of 1987, with a thirteen-nation, ten-week tour of Europe thrown in. At the end of that year, they went into a studio to record *Life Time*, released independently on the Texas Hotel label.

"We're almost always touring or recording," said Andrew. And when they take a break, Henry steams on,

doing spoken-word tours, writing constantly.

I wondered what the point was. Chris said "Do whatever you want as honestly and as hard as you can. That's my interpretation of the 'Search and Destroy' thing. Find it, do it totally and move onto something else."

After interviewing the band, I went out to watch them in action and they blew my head off. What do you move onto from that?

I was warned by various parties that Henry Rollins was a difficult subject to interview. So I wrote down just a few simple questions, because after all I knew virtually nothing about him anyway. "Just don't call his written word stuff 'poetry,'" Chris warned me. "He bums on that."

After the show, Henry took a breather in that weird little sunken room between the bathroom and the band lounge. He chatted with some friends, then took a shower to wash off all the blood and sweat. He came back into the lounge, picked up a cantaloupe and a long serrated knife and descended into the sunken room. I followed with a cigarette, a beer, my tape recorder and some questions.

RearGarde: What is your purpose?

Rollins: What, by playing?

RearGarde: By touring, by being in a band, by being Henry Rollins.

Rollins: (Pause) Whatever feels natural.

RearGarde: So you do what you feel. What about when you write?

Rollins: Yeah, I find it hard to write when I'm in a calm mood.

RearGarde: Why the rage?

Rollins: It's not rage. Haven't you ever felt things that made you just burn, scream?

RearGarde: Sure: Pressure, lots of pressure.

Rollins: What about happiness? Hasn't that ever made you feel like that?

RearGarde: Well, happiness is more

like going out: A release.

Rollins: That's cool. That's the way it comes out for you. I'm a very excitable person. I'm very extreme, I guess. Honestly, I really don't think about it very much. I stopped questioning a long time ago. It was just too weird.

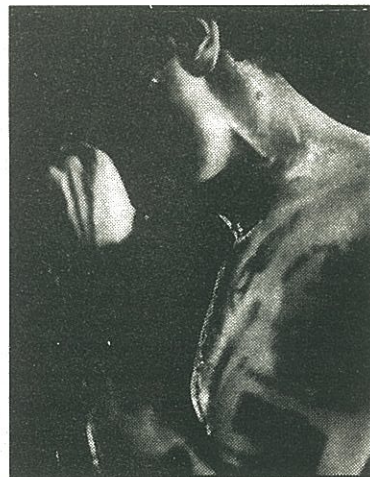
RearGarde: So you're not thinking in terms of a problem—in politics or the way the world runs?

Rollins: We know the way the world runs. I know everything about politics there is. So do you.

RearGarde: And you don't want to change that?

Rollins: You can't.

RearGarde: You mean the present pattern is the only one?



Rollins: You're never going to stop people from being greedy. You are never gonna stop some mean nasty fucker stepping on someone smaller than him. That's the way it is, and that's manifested in politics. Big fish eats little fish, rich fish stomps poor fish.

RearGarde: That's evident. That's what you mean by "we know."

Rollins: Yeah. How're you gonna change that?

RearGarde: It would require a little bit of work, I guess.

Rollins: You see, it's human nature. You can't stop human nature. That's

the way the human is; they're disgusting.

RearGarde: The human animal is a disgusting animal.

Rollins: Totally.

RearGarde: And you don't think that pattern, that way of thinking, can change? Not even if it's forced?

Rollins: Force? What do you obtain by force except hatred, fear... there's enough of that already. You force people, you're gonna get it right back at you.

RearGarde: People are being forced enough anyway, all over the planet. Anybody who looks at the news and thinks about it knows that. I don't think there's much more time.

Rollins: No. Soon. It's gonna fall.

RearGarde: But that's what I'm getting at... at that point you can change the pattern.

Rollins: Are you interested in changing the pattern?

RearGarde: If I could come up with a new one I probably would be.

Rollins: You know what's gonna happen? Someone's gonna copy it, someone's gonna learn how to make money off it, and then they're gonna destroy it. You want to change something? Get a gun, load it, get ready to kill. That's the only way it's gonna come.

The interview helps explain why Henry might write a song like *Gun In Mouth Blues*.

A look at his scene makes his message clearer. Rollins was the singer for a Hardcore band whose very name espoused anarchy: **Black Flag**. They toured widely, released a lot of albums and then broke up.

Now Henry's got a new band, and his latest revelation is that only violence will achieve a change in the system. Telling old fans that followed his message and who hoped for change, that there isn't hope. But you'll notice he's using that same old hardcore circuit to sell his new message.

Secrets is packed. People are ear to ear. Some scattered cowboys, plenty of John Lennon glasses and lots of hair. Standing room only. The line-up outside winds around the block.

The crowd's getting restless waiting for the launch of the new video, *Blast Off*, by Ray Condo and the Hardrock Goners to appear. People dance on the stage as the band belts out its hard hillbilly rockabilly. "Not too fast, Eric, I'm a man without a hat: Pop goes the world," sings Ray as he screeches into the next song. Even the few preppies in the audience look like they're enjoying the rocking versions of 50's and 60's tunes.

The band has something for everyone who wants to have a hee-hawing, foot-stomping, hillbilly hoedowny good time. Equipped with Ray on lead vocals and acoustic guitar, Clive Jackson on stand-up bass, Chris Dean on banjo, Edgar Bridwell on fiddle, Eric Sandmark on electric guitar and Peter Sandmark on drums, the band was in the middle of a bout of reunion

shows with Ray visiting from his hometown of Vancouver.

Jerry Jerry even went up and played a couple of tunes. "It was a party," said Ray. "A good one, probably one of the best." Eric and Ray took time out to answer a few questions and share a little musical philosophy. The band was so busy that the interview was completed at a smoked meat restaurant on St. Laurent.

RearGarde: What are you planning in the future?

Ray: I want to make more records, as many as possible. It's too late to stop now. That's part of my big statement: You can still rock when you're over 30.

RearGarde: Basically, you just do 40's and 50's covers...

Eric: ...And a few 60's and a few 30's. We don't try to do them like they were originally done. We take a song as a starting point and add our own style and it becomes our own thing. Sometimes you can hear the songs we do and not recognize them from

our version because they're slower or faster or changed somehow. Our style is more aggressive than the originals because we've survived the aggression of the 60's and 70's and we have to relate to that a little bit. They come out a little more wild.

RearGarde: How did the recording for your first album, *Crazy Date*, go?

Eric: It was done on an 8-track at CRSQ, Concordia's radio station. It went really well. We consciously made a decision to limit ourselves to that amount of tracks because we wanted a simpler feel. We figured eight tracks was enough, we didn't want to go to 12 or 24 but people didn't seem to get the intention, they just thought it was cheaply recorded. So then we decided to go to 24 tracks for the second album.

RearGarde: *Mondo Condo*?

Eric: Yeah, but it's only released on tape now.

RearGarde: Did you tour following the first album?

Eric: We started playing Toronto in late '85 and found that they were able to relate to us a lot more than Montrealers. I don't think Montreal's as used to honkytonk rock 'n roll or country music. It's more of a techno-pop disco town. So we started to have a huge following in Toronto, and we were going back there once or twice a month sometimes. Here we just kept playing the same clubs and the same people kept coming to see us. In the summer of '86 we went out West and again, the same thing: pandemonium. They loved it, ate it up, wanted more. That's why we're doing a tour of southern Ontario while Ray's back—it's more our territory.

RearGarde: What's the philosophy of the band?

Eric: To play rock 'n roll, to bring it into the

eighties. The current music scene is dominated by technically competent bands who know how to program computers and make electronic music. Even the so-called "roots bands" are using so many effects—their music is so plastic. No one knows what authentic instruments sound like any more.

RearGarde: So you're trying to bring back the authentic sound?

Eric: Yeah, we're trying to say that you can do rock 'n roll and not have to get into all this electronics and synthetic sounds.

RearGarde: Where do you fit in the Montreal music scene?

Eric: We're sort of an anachronism. I think people like us because when they come to see us they realize there's something missing out there. There's a lot of neglected music that should be brought to people's attention. Unfortunately, everyone's been indoctrinated by TV's view of rock 'n roll—that is, your latest video. It's all fashion: You know, the latest haircut, the latest techno-pop sound.

RearGarde: How do you get along as a band?

Eric: It's very harmonious. In fact, what keeps us together is our hatred for contemporary music industry pablum.

RearGarde: Who are your major musical influences?

Eric: Anyone from Louie Armstrong and Cap Callaway to Elvis and Jerry Lee Louis, Little Richard, anyone who's doing real Rock 'n Roll. That's who we respect. They were doing wild 'n crazy music only it wasn't called Rock 'n Roll back then, it was called Rhythm 'n Blues or Jazz or Swing or Ragtime.

RearGarde: What's your most memorable moment as a band?

Eric: That's a good one...Stealing people from the Huey Lewis and the News show

at the Millerfest.

RearGarde: What role do you play in the band?

Eric: I'm the big rockin' daddy. I'm the focal point, the character, the cartoon.

RearGarde: Where did the name of the band come?

Ray: "Goner" is an old fifties expression—You're gone, and Hardrock Goner made up the rest of the name.

RearGarde: How would you categorize your music?

Ray: We're Folky except we Rock Hard. It's got a lot of edge to it. I think we're the only ones that cover that niche.

RearGarde: Was it always your ambition to be a singer in a band?

Ray: Not really, but it sort of manifested itself... I'm very primitive, in fact, that's one of my strong points. I didn't come out of suburbia, I'm not a middle class person. I don't have a lot of schooling and I have a connection to the past that I think is really hard to find today. I don't want to know too much about the academic or the theoretical side of any art form. I really prefer the folk tradition.

RearGarde: Is there a philosophy behind that?

Ray: There's a vitality to it that you can't get in a real civilized culture. Politics is frightening. I don't know if I'm an old gizzard but I see the situation out of the eyes of a thirty-seven year old. I don't see it as a good time for the arts, you know, I paint as well. It's funny, in art college you start mixing up with the wrong people and before you know it you're in a Rock 'n Roll band. So I met other arts students who were dissatisfied and who played music.

RearGarde: Do you anticipate any big changes in the future?

Ray: Always! Changes every year. I want



Absolute

Earlier last month the **Absolut Whores** made their first trip to Montreal with **Mr. Science** and invaded Station Ten as well as Old Montreal, the Mountain, some smoked meat joints and a couple souvlaki restaurants. After consuming too many beers on the last night they were here I convinced them to sit down and do an interview, it didn't turn out the way I thought it would so I've had to add what I thought was my translation as to what they meant or what they should have (?) meant. Here they are the singer Johnny Trash, the guitarist Blind Pig Newton and the bassist Ugly Dick McDrippin.

Trash: Okay let 'er rip.

(At this point the interview was all downhill, Mr. Trash proceeded to fall asleep so he went to get Blind Pig and Ugly Dick to help him out)

RearGarde: (To Blind Pig) Are you really blind?

Newton: No, well I was but I'm not any longer.

RearGarde: Why not?

Newton: I was cured shortly after I joined the Whores.

RearGarde: By the Reverend Johnny Trash...

Trash: Hah...by an apparition of Elvis.

RearGarde: Is that why the Absolute Whores pay so many tributes to Elvis during their live shows?

Trash: I've got a love/hate

relationship with Elvis: I love to hate him.

RearGarde: Wait a minute... this whole Elvis thing on stage is just a con? Tonight what I saw was....

Trash: You didn't see anything, you were someplace else having a beer.

RearGarde: Okay, on Friday night you had a ceramic bust of Elvis with you and you were screwing it and you were...

Trash: We had an Elvis bust and tonight it got bust.

RearGarde: What I mean though is that Elvis is a large part of your live shows.

Trash: Naw.

Newton: Well, he's there.

Trash: You couldn't feel it.

RearGarde: I didn't feel it.

Trash: Of course you didn't feel it, you were out someplace else having some beer.

RearGarde: But Friday night I didn't even feel it.

Trash: Well Friday we weren't even trying to do what we do.

Newton: Well we were. We didn't do it as good as we do.

Trash: The essence of Elvis...

RearGarde: Huh?

Trash: What more can you say?

(At this point we still had gotten nowhere except that you've found out that I missed most of the second show and the Absolute Whores have some

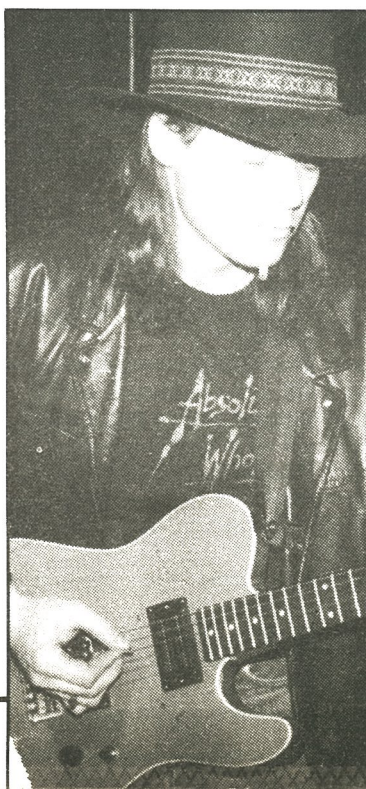
sort of connection to Elvis. Methinks pretty important stuff all around.)

RearGarde: How did Montreal treat you?

Trash & Newton: Oh great.

RearGarde: Well you didn't get that many people out of your shows.

Trash: Well, what can you do, it's our first time here and people have to get to know you.



RearGarde: Would you want to come back?

Newton: Sure next weekend.

RearGarde: How is it different from other cities you've played in?

Newton: (The ever-observant one) There's a lot of French people here.

Trash: Ya, I noticed that too.

RearGarde: Did you have any pre-conceived notions before you got here?

Trash: I kinda figured there'd be a lot of people who spoke French.

RearGarde: Haven't you heard of any

bands from Montreal?

Newton: Ya, **Offenbach**.

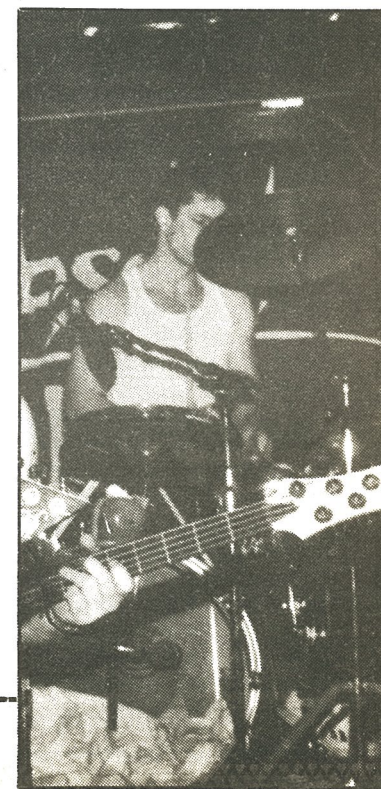
Trash: **Men Without Hats**. That's the only band I ever heard from this city. They're really nothing to hold your heads up about.

RearGarde: Oh yeah I could start laying into Toronto bands.

Trash: Go ahead.

RearGarde: How about the **Parachute Club**?

Trash: Oh, fuck we don't hold our heads up about them either.



to live out west. I want to be able to go home for awhile. I lived in Montreal three years. I think I paid my dues.

RearGarde: So you really don't like it a helluva lot here?

Ray: It's my second choice, after Vancouver. It's great, I mean where else? Toronto's third on my list. The money's there though. Toronto's always tempting.

RearGarde: What's your bass called? (To Clive)

Clive: Doghouse!

Ray: You know what really slays me? That video from *Good Morning Vietnam* by Louis Armstrong (*What a Wonderful World*), one of my favorite singers, everything else is garbage after that. It's such a beautiful song—a real melter. Time doesn't really exist.

RearGarde: Do you get into that philosophical stuff?

Ray: Exactly! That's why we're into the classical roots of North America. There's a strength, a vitality to the music, a timelessness that can't be beat... We're really innovating an old form, an old technique that's also timeless. If you want to get ahead you have to go way back.

RearGarde: How does that translate to your music?

Ray: Our music is politically and aesthetically incorrect. I think we're saying the most by saying nothing because everybody and their dog is politically or aesthetically correct, you can check it out! They're all high-tech., they've all got the modern liberated look and they're all politically concerned and they're making millions of dollars being politically concerned and I don't see any of the changes. We're neo-traditional. We're not conventionally traditional because we do break our own rules all the time.

RearGarde: By not saying it, is anyone hearing it?

Ray: Seems to be working, yeah!

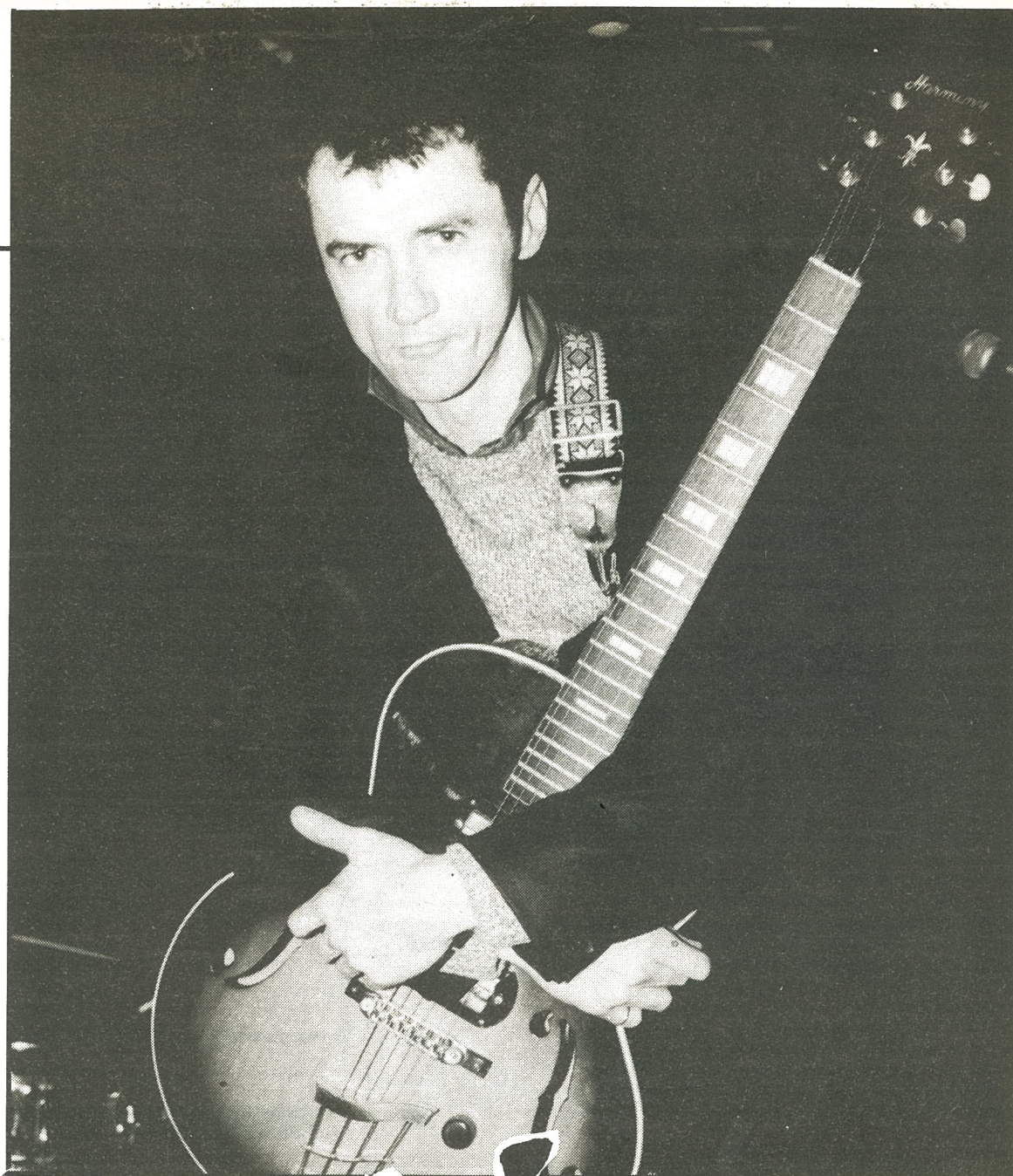
Clive: We had Ivan from "Men Without Hats" with us for a while.

Ray: He was our fan-friend-roadie. Yeah we're cool, we hang out with the right "Hats". He certainly studied us for a while. Did you notice Elvis in that video? Hats off! Elvis is everywhere. Elvis told me to do it!

RearGarde: He came back from the grave and you heard him?

Ray: Doesn't everyone? (laughing) They should if they don't. Elvis is the Pope of the modern world. The new religion-Rock 'n Roll. Rockabilly is so obscure a cult, which is ridiculous because Rockabilly was the original exploitation—the first white Rock 'n Roll. So it's really a shame that no one knows where the hell it comes from. Like *Duke Ellington* said: the worst thing that can happen to a people is that they lose their heritage. If you lose your heritage, you don't know your ass from page A and before you know it you're blowing forty bucks to see Madonna. I mean Madonna's Okay but is she worth forty bucks? That symbolizes where our culture is going. We live this false economy. Things are crashing. It's a false culture, too. Everything is effects—visual, acting. It's all high-tech. and done with mirrors. I'm really pissed off, burnt and kind of militant about the fact that no one gives a damn. We have a culture that says forget about last year's thing it's this year's you've got to buy. North America in particular doesn't want you to have any memory at all. You start looking back and it sounds great. Then you don't want to buy this year's crap anymore.

Interview conducted by Sonja Chichak



Whores

PHOTO: RINA GRIBOVSKY

RearGarde: Who do you like in Toronto?

Trash: There aren't any good bands.

Newton: There are some good performers. I like Jack Dekeyzer and Hock Walsh.

Trash: The only Toronto band I like is **Disco Jesus**.

(About now they got fed up with talking about Toronto, which I'm sure most of us can understand and they were more interested in their beer and the chance to find a pillow. I figured to get them going I had to come up with a real zinger of a question, something that they've never heard before and will just make them stand up and take notice.)

RearGarde: What are the future plans of the Absolute Whores, more recording?

Trash: Oh fuck, I don't know.

Newton: We've got an EP coming, what month will it be Johnny?

Trash: Hahahahahah....

Newton: Well it should be August or September. It should have six, seven, eight songs on it, how many Johnny?

Trash: I don't have any idea.

(At this point Ugly Dick McDrippin enters the room amongst much fanfare and comments about his legs)

Everybody: Hahahahahahha.....

RearGarde: We were just talking about you. (We weren't but it's an old joke that I still think is funny).

Newton: (To McDrippin) **THUNDERTHIGHS**.

McDrippin: They're very nice if you don't mind.

Trash: They're okay but they have a few blemishes.

RearGarde: Do you shave them?

Trash: If your name was Ugly Dick McDrippin would you shave your legs?

RearGarde: The band you played with the past couple nights was called **Mr. Science**, do you often play with them?

Trash: Mr. Science is one of the few musical geniuses of the fuckin' 80's and the 90's.

RearGarde: Are you reading his publicity?

Trash: Naw, you know what it is the underground always becomes the mainstream and he's like eight years along in the whole thing. People will be listening to them in eight years and think that they've always heard it.

RearGarde: So where will Mr. Science be in eight years?

Trash: Probably still sleeping in the van outside Station Ten.

RearGarde: Where will the Absolute Whores be?

Trash: We're going to be so fuckin' famous. Actually I don't want fame...

Newton: I want rich.

McDrippin: I want a motorcycle.

Trash: You want a motorcycle. I want sex, but on a spiritual kind of plain. Something more cerebral than groin.

RearGarde: How has your single sold?

Trash: Well everywhere we took it it sold out and we sell some at our shows. (Now Trash starts contemplating) *Asshole For Your Love*, now that was a

classic. It all happened too fast.

RearGarde: Are the Absolute Whores the closest thing to **Spinal Tap** in Toronto?

Trash: Ya, well I hate to admit but we do have a relevance to **Spinal Tap**. If you're going to play music in the eighties or nineties and you haven't seen that movie then you should.

RearGarde: What's the world view of the Absolute Whores?

McDrippin: We're actually quite surprised it's getting along as well as it is.

Trash: It's getting along without us, we could probably get along without it.

RearGarde: Going back to the whole Elvis thing. Who's idea was it for the ceramic Elvis?

Trash: It just happened. One night we were playing and there was a blinding flash of light, I turned around and there he was.

RearGarde: But on Friday night you were screwing him...

Trash: I was not. That's a filthy lie.

RearGarde: Well you were screwing the microphone into his face.

Trash: The guy's dead, you've got to prompt him a bit. He's not going to sing easy. I just want to state right here I never screwed Elvis.

RearGarde: Your fanzine, *The Whores Rag*, it's survived eight issues.

Trash: Ya nine coming up. Number Ten may be a best of, it may not. Actually if there's anybody in Montreal who wants to write for the *Whores Rag* or would like to read it can contact us through *RearGarde*.

RearGarde: What's in the *Whores Rag*?

Trash: Information on scumbags.

RearGarde: The name the 'Absolute Whores' has been called sexist, do you think so?

Trash: No, that's something I really don't fuckin' agree with.

Newton: We don't even understand it.



Trash: I don't even understand why people start reading sexism into it.

RearGarde: The first thing I hear when I mention the name the Absolute Whores is, 'Oh, are they an all-girl band?'

Trash: Well then they're fuckin' sexist. If you read a dictionary definition on the word whore where does it say female. One definition is a person who does base things for money. That to me is rock 'n' roll, it's a base thing.

Everybody's a fuckin' whore, it's like one per cent of the world is doing what they want to do. Everybody else is doing something for money just to pay their bills.

RearGarde: If you could be any marketable toy which would it be and why?


Trash: Marketable toy? What happened to the appliance question? I guess I would want to be some sort of sex apparatus. Just to be where it's at.

Newton: I'd want to be one of those guys where you press down on his head and the guy comes squirting out of his eyes.

(At this point nothing that was the least bit relevant was blurted only much talk about getting a cab and grabbing some beer)


Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell did this one.

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Butthole Surfers	Hairway To Steven	Touch and Go
Jello Biafra	No More Cocoons	Fringe
No Means No	The Dau Everything Became Nothing	Alternative Tentacles
Pogues	If I Should Fall From Grace	Pogue Mahone
Dik Van Dykes	Nobody Likes the Dik Van Dykes	Og
Various	Sgt. Pepper Knew My Father	Nme
Ludwig von 88	La Mission	Bondage
Wire	Kidney Bingo	Mute
Alien Sex Fiend	All Our Yesterdays	Anagram
Sugarcubes	Deus	One Little Indian
Various	The Word	BMG
Failsafe	Demo	Independent
Band of Susan	Hope Against	Blast First
Parrabellum	?	Bondage
Einsturzende Neu.	Funf	Some Bizarre
Deja Voodoo	Big Pile Of Mud	Og
Honeymoon In Red	12"	Widowspeak
Nips 'n Nipple...	Bops, Babes, Booze and Bower	Big Beat
Talk Shop	Demo	Independent
Cowboy Junkies	The Trinity Sessions	Latent
Various	Potatoes	Ralph
Bunny Wailer	Rule Dance Hall	Sanchie
Family Plot	Convictions	FP Music
Razorbacks	Go To Town	OPM
Jandek	You Walk Alone	Corwood
Various	Hog Butcher for the World	Mad Queen
Dissection	Final Genocide	Fringe
Upangybottoms	Upangymania	Fuzzy Tongue
Agnostic Front	Liberty and Justice...	Combat

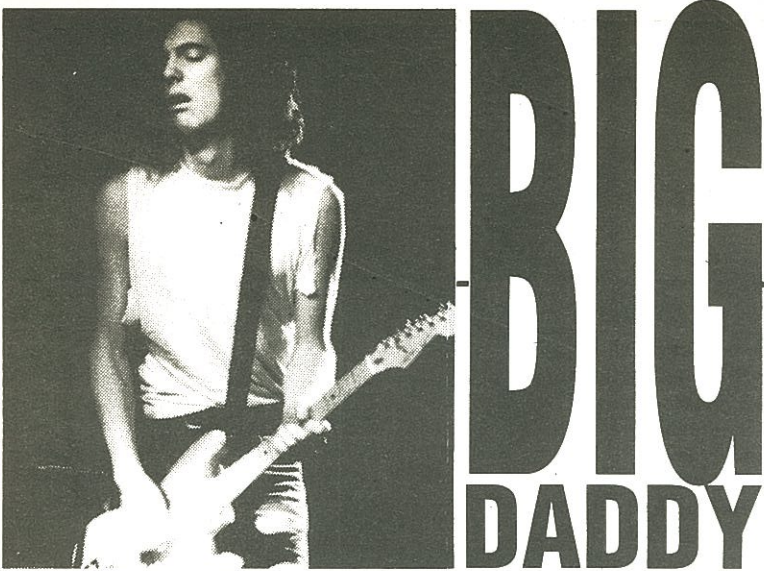


PHOTO: PIERRE DALPÉ

The latest in a long line of bands attempting to destroy the remnants of rock 'n roll are the Big Daddy Cumbuckets. A group with a funny name, a funny attitude and a tendency towards self-destruction on stage, they're also setting a new trend of musical immigration to Montreal. I talked to them recently after a wild, crazy, hilarious, stupid, obnoxious, fast, loud, rockin show at Station 10.

Lars: I'm Lars Svoboda from the Big Daddy Cumbuckets.
Drew: And I'm Drew...
Lars: Drew is standing in for all the other cumbuckets, past and present, who couldn't make it here today.
RearGarde: So it's Drew and, um, Lars. How come every time I talk to you your name's different?
Lars: Ah, it's my mom's problem.
RearGarde: But Lars, aren't you not from Norway, but from Toronto?
Lars: Well, that's an ugly rumour that just happens to be true. But we smartened up and got out of there and moved to Montreal.
RearGarde: Now you've got to be the only band I've ever heard of that moved from Toronto to Montreal.
Lars: Actually, I think we've talked a bunch of our friends into it, too. **Neon Rume** say they're going to move here now. The exodus has become. We've started a wave...
Drew: A new wave, eh.
Lars: Besides, people in Toronto have this attitude where they like no one. So we're just helping them out a bit.
Drew: And now we don't have to wear black clothes all the time.
Lars: Yeah, I've got orange shoes on now and I've shed the black hair and I've got a red shirt on. It's crazy.
Drew: I'm not wearing any clothes at all.
RearGarde: That's why we lock you in the booth over there... Why the move to Montreal?
Lars: We'd been thinking about it for a while. I like the city and we were thinking about starting another band and maybe improving on the existing band, but things are moving pretty slow right now.
Drew: We came here to write music.
Lars: Yeah, in Toronto you have to pay an absurd amount of living expenses and you can't really loaf off. You have to hold down a job just to exist there. In Montreal, you can lead a Bohemian life style, no problem.



CUMBUCKETS

RearGarde: How do you guys describe your music?
Drew: We try to avoid that actually.
RearGarde: How do other people describe your music?
Drew: A mess.
Lars: Every time we play we have a different line-up. It's sorta like a boy's club where anybody who can play an instrument can be in the band.
Drew: Girls as well.
Lars: That's true, we've had girls in the band as well. All you really have to do is bring your own guitar, be drunk and play loud.
RearGarde: So what do you guys do in the band?
Drew: Lars here plays guitar and is the main singer...
Lars: We used to have another singer, but the joke wore thin for him. He went out and got a job.
RearGarde: Your song *Rock Slut*: Is that your social message song?
Lars: The whole thing about rock singers getting laid a lot is bogus, unless you're in a disco band. If you're in a trashy rock band, forget it. The only girls who want to talk to you have tattoos and are missing teeth.
RearGarde: But all your other songs are really socially relevant.
Drew: I don't know. I think we had some line about South Africa one time.
Lars: Yeah, we made up this song called *Negro Scorn* which was all about having all the white people in South Africa killed, which I guess would be a good idea some time. So we did this song called "Negro scorn, some day whitey you're going to pay," and everyone was so offended by it we dropped it.
RearGarde: So much for politics.
Lars: Yeah, knowledge is for children apparently. If you're playing in a bar in front of drunken people, they don't want to hear about your views on the world, so we try to avoid that stuff all together.
RearGarde: Is commercial success just around the corner?
Lars: We're recording an album next month. We've got all the cash and everything together. We're hoping to sell a thousand copies, but we'll probably end up giving them all away because, well, get serious...
Drew: Because we're humanitarians.
(laughs)
RearGarde: When I saw you guys live

recently, you wrecked at least three guitars.
Drew: But we fixed one of 'em.
Lars: We're into this sort of anti-rock 'n roll thing where everybody builds it up at the end and then destroys it at the end. Why not destroy it right off the bat?
Drew: Get it over with. And the maybe, if you're lucky, you won't have to play any more and you can just go and have a beer.
RearGarde: There seems to be a lot of 'show' in your shows.
Lars: Well, this is my first rock band and I just started playing guitar about two years ago. Before that I was a stand-up comic, and a bad one at that. So I think our shows are actually aimed at entertainment value rather than musical value.
RearGarde: So this is your career then.
Lars: Yeah, this is a career move. Ha. Ha. Ha.
RearGarde: Was the Station 10 show your first in Montreal?
Lars: Actually, we played *Foufounes* about a year ago with *Groovy Religion* and the *Doughboys*, but they made us play really early and I think there were about ten people who saw us play. It was possibly one of our best shows, too—we really rocked out—but there was no one there.
RearGarde: There was no crowd to interfere with the show.
Lars: Yeah, basically. Sometimes that can be a problem because we used to play Toronto a lot and I used to get in trouble a lot. Like, if I don't get my beer on demand I sometimes jump into the audience and just grab beers off peoples' tables and a couple of times I've almost gotten myself assaulted for doing that. People in Toronto have no sense of humour, basically.
RearGarde: You planning on playing a lot more shows?
Drew: We're planning on doing some recording, actually. So we have to take time off to do that.
RearGarde: So you moved to a new city, you played one show, and now you're recording an album.
Lars: Well, when we lived in Toronto we used to play every week. And playing a lot in Toronto is pretty redundant because noone really pays attention to you because there's so many bands in Toronto and people just go to bars to hang out and they don't really care about the entertainment.
RearGarde: Do you do any covers?
Lars: We do an old *Viletones* tune, *Possibilities*, but we don't do too many covers because basically we're such lame musicians we can't learn them.
RearGarde: When you lived in Toronto and you looked down the road at Montreal, what did you think of the music scene here?
Lars: Really rockin'. I was here a couple of years back when *Men Without Hats* was happening and there didn't seem to be a lot going on. But now there's the *Nils* and the *Doughboys* and *Dead Brain Cells* and there's a lot of press for alternative bands here. In Toronto, all they talk about is heavy rocking bands from Montreal. *Voivod* is another one.
RearGarde: Okay, if you could be any mass-produced toy, which one would you be and why?
Lars: I'd be a vibrator of some sort.
RearGarde: That's not a toy.
Lars: It is for some of us.
RearGarde: Okay, Drew, your turn.
Drew: Gumby. It's the first thing I could think of. Gee, I thought this would be difficult.
RearGarde: Okay, how come the Maple Leafs can never beat the Canadiens?
Lars: The Maple who?
RearGarde: How come Toronto has such a funny looking city hall?
Lars: I dunno. Someone built it that way. Probably a European.
RearGarde: Okay, last stupid question: Who's got the funniest haircut in Montreal?
Lars: Well, what about all these white guys walking around with dreadlocks. John Kastner looks just absolutely absurd. Bond Head is just Bond Head. But I don't know if they're the funniest coz we don't get out very much.

Interview conducted by J.D. Head.



Rockin' With The Rev

by Reverend Bob

Hi friends. You know, the Lord hath recently sent the Rev On the Road, on a Mission of Prophecy throughout these Holy Lands. One place He, in His Allmighty Wisdom, sent me, was to Ottawa, which He had proclaimed as our nation's capital. This, along with cellular phones and Ronald Reagan, is proof that The Omnipotent One does have a mighty fine sense of humour. Yes, friends, Ottawa, Ronald Reagan, and cellular phones all have a couple of things held in common- not only are they instruments of Satan, but who in Heck needs 'em anyways?

One thing is for sure—rockin'rollin'bands troopin' for the Lord don't need cellular phones. If the Lord had truly wanted cellular phones in the First Place, He wouldn't have handed Motley Moses the Commandments on a handful of tablets, He would have fixed ol' Butterfingers up with a BMW complete with a cellularphone. And as is written in The Only Book That Ever Mattered, "Give a man a cellular phone, and the Yuppief'll do something real stupid with it." *Jacob 23:11*.

Now you don't want to be stupid, so here's what you do. In my last Article of Faith, I proclaimed the Righteous Reasoning behind sending out contracts to Prospective Places of Plunder. The next thing to do is to try to convince the Congregations in these towns that you are truly Prophets of a New Age. Simple.

Send the local promoters lots of Propoganda. They can use this to Lie to Everybody- radio stations, newspapers, their friends and family. You too can enjoy hours of Family Fun, sending out Nefarious Information Kits and records, saying that you are 1) indeed the best thing to happen since Adam met Eve, and 2) just as Fun as what happened when they did meet.

The next thing to do is to send out generic posters of the band. These are kinda like those Raunchy Religious Rhetoric Things people keep on handing you on the street. They all have the same message- 'You're gonna rot in Hell along with everybody else who's ever used a cellular phone.', but if you've ever Open Thine Eyes and noticed, there's always a space at the end where the local Pontifficators have filled in where and when the next Cellular Phone Burning will take place.

It's the same idea with these generic posters you send out- you pick your favourite image and slap it on a poster. Leave enough space at the bottom for the local promoter to go crazy with, and you have truly done a Good Thing. This way you'll be certain that you'll have a cool poster in every town you play. It's just like when The Real Good Lord decided to get Mary pregnant. Joseph didn't have any part of it, 'cos Joseph was Ugly, and you just can't have an ugly Son of God runnin' around. You gotta have a nice, white, blue-eyed Hunk of Man runnin' around, advertisin' for the Lord. If that example doesn't work for you, just think of your local police force. Nuff said.

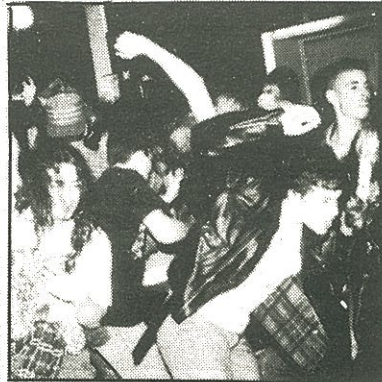
Well, friends. After you've committed these crucial thangs, it's time to Hit the Road. When planning what to take, all you need is a lot of Common Sense. Just in case Thy Rivers of Sensical Thinking Encounter a Real Big Drought, here's a few Timely Tips from the Rev.

The Main Man, the Son of the Big Guy, had it right. He always travelled light, but then again, he didn't have to lug amps and guitars and drum kits around with him. Apart from those necessities, other essentials include: Reverend Bob's Bible Studies (for when the highway sight-seeing loses its glamour- usually when you're just outside Ottawa), sleeping bags, emergency Gold and Silver, an extra set of clothes (unless you want to make like Pestilence and stink), and a copy of every contract you sent out.

If it's your first time out, chances are you're gonna spend more money on Fun Things than you'll make. To change this Sad State of Affairs, take a hint from the Holy Church and Sell Stuff. Brethren groove on buying cool t-shirts, stickers, belt buckles with your band's name plastered on 'em.

Friends, you may have heard blasphemous lies from Drunken Fornicators from Down South, who go by the name Maximum Rock'n'Roll. These whoremongers go around telling bands not to sell stuff, 'cos it's ripping off the scene. Well, take it from the Rev—are you gonna listen to these Commie Pinkos acting as Agents of Satan? Heck no. As the Lord hath spoken, "Starvation is a Fun Thing, but not as fun as eating." *Revelations 12:3*. When you're On the Road, it's always fun to have enough casholas to eat.

Well, friends, the ol' Rev has just plumb run out of Good Things to Pontificate Upon, except for one thing—don't worry if you fuck up the first time around, 'cos you can always be like Jimmy Swaggart and come back 3 months later. And such is the way with the Allmighty. Amen.



ATTACK OF THE

G.G. Allin has made a career out of being disgusting on stage. Not a bad way to make a living, I guess, but we went through three interviewers and four photogs before we found anyone who'd talk to him. Anyway, here he is in all his disgustingness, unedited... it's a good indication of what his shows are like.

RearGarde: We all figured that you would have problems getting across the border.

Allin: What can I say. I brown-bagged it (he shows me his brown paper bag complete with jockstrap and ex-lax). Last time I came up here it was worse, they had me there for three hours. This time it took half an hour.

I don't know, fuck them, the border sucks anyways.

RearGarde: How you going to get ready for the show?

Allin: Get fuckin' wasted. It's this Canadian beer, it's good.

RearGarde: What do you drink back home?

Allin: Jim Beam, religiously. It kicks ass over Jack Daniels any day. American beer sucks. If I have to drink, I drink the stuff that's like a case for four dollars. That's all I can afford anyways.

RearGarde: So it's not your first time in Canada?

Allin: First time playing.

RearGarde: What were you doing last time up here?

Allin: Beatin' off a lot. I don't remember really. I think we just came up to fuck off.

RearGarde: How did you feel when you were told you were playing in Canada?

Allin: I don't know, I didn't come prepared. I've never done long tours, I can't play more than one gig and I've never done a gig outside the country so I didn't know you need fuckin' working papers. What the fuck, I didn't come up to work, I came up to shit.

RearGarde: When you're back home what do you do during the day?

Allin: Drink Jim Beam's 'til the wee hours of the morning, sleep all day, beat off, there's really not much else. I walk around the streets.

RearGarde: Do you shit at home or do you save it all up for when you play?

Allin: Well, everybody shits. If I don't shit for six months I'd be one constipated...

RearGarde: I thought you might save it all up for your shows.

Allin: Oh, there's always enough.

RearGarde: Have you ever come close to death while performing?

Allin: I've ended up in the hospital too many fuckin' times.

RearGarde: When was the last time?

Allin: Portland, Maine, six months ago.

RearGarde: You were saying earlier that you got arrested last week...

Allin: Ya, they had a warrant for my arrest.

RearGarde: How often do you get arrested?

Allin: Oh, every other month. That time in Lowell, Mass., I got arrested and had to get bailed out for a hundred bucks. Then they took me somewhere else and had to pay another hundred bucks in bail. I didn't know if I would make it up here.

RearGarde: Do you only get arrested because of your live show?

Allin: Well, I got arrested at a party and

the warrant was for a show I did three years ago. It was one that I had forgot about. It was for fuckin' disorderly conduct, trespassing and every other fuckin' thing you can think of.

RearGarde: Expecting any hassles in Canada?

Allin: I haven't seen a fuckin' cop yet. I haven't had any trouble at all. We held court last night at a fuckin' bar though. We took over the whole fuckin' bar. We took over the whole bar, everyone left.

RearGarde: Why don't you stay in Canada?

Allin: They wouldn't even let me in the fuckin' country—how am I gonna move here? It's not sleazy enough, everybody looks too good. It's too clean here, there's not enough garbage.

RearGarde: What were your first shows like?

Allin: My first show was in Boston, in 1978.

RearGarde: Do you remember it?

Allin: Not very well. That was with the first band. I know we got thrown out.

RearGarde: Was it like the same type of show you are doing these days?

Allin: Pretty much, ya. I mean it's never the same but it was pretty much the same.

RearGarde: Some people were worried about interviewing you and photographing you. Do they have reason to be worried?

Allin: It's their fuckin' loss, right?

RearGarde: Would you come see yourself?

Allin: Fuck, ya. I'm the greatest fuckin' thing in Rock 'n' Roll. I'm IT.

RearGarde: You do a lot of live tapes and records, when's your five album live record going to come out?

Allin: Right after the Springsteen tour.

RearGarde: You going to tour with him?

Allin: Oh yeah, can't wait. I'm going to butt-fuck him. I give him a fuckin' enema.

RearGarde: What do you do on weekends?

Allin: Every day is a Saturday.

RearGarde: When's your next recording comin' out?

Allin: We've got an EP coming out in July on Homestead. *Greasebags, Punks and Junkies*, that'll be the name of the next album.

RearGarde: Does that describe the band?

Allin: They couldn't make an album big enough to describe the band. That pretty much sums it up.

RearGarde: Going to do it live?

Allin: I'm going to do it any way I want. I always do it any way I want. Young girls. I've never gone out with a

girl over the age of twenty. Look at me, do I look like Robert Redford? I can still get those young ones. I married the first seventeen year old I went out with. I got the second one pregnant three times and I said fuck that. I have kids, believe it or not. There's actually living creatures in this world who came from my sperm.

Scary.

RearGarde: Would you want them to follow in your footsteps?

Allin: Why not? It worked for me.

RearGarde: What's the best city you play in?

Allin: New York.

RearGarde: Aren't you banned from all the clubs in New York?

Allin: Whenever a new one opens up, I play there.

(At this point I went and got GG a beer

the fuckin' bathroom pissin' and I was pissin' on her while she was pissin'. Fuck I knew, right then and there, that she was the girl for me. I'm not shittin' you neither.

(At this point GG opens his brown bag to show us his jockstrap and let us all have a whiff.)

Allin: I get to the fuckin' border and the guy's pullin' this out right and goes "What the fuck is this?" You know what, it doesn't smell as bad as I figured but I'm partial to my own smell anyways.

RearGarde: What were you doing before music?

Allin: I was driving a fuckin' laundry truck. It was great. All I had to do was sit in the fuckin' truck with dirty laundry all day.

RearGarde: So you haven't changed—you're still carrying around dirty laundry?

Allin: Ya, and I used to get free pairs of underwear too. Girls would bring their underwear and I would take one out of the bag, use it for awhile then put it back. The girls would never know I used it. They would then get fuckin' GG's tongue disease.

RearGarde: What's that?

Allin: BURP. I'm going to have a fuckin' underwear auction, every girl that comes in will have to leave their underwear at the door. That way if we don't get laid then we'll have something to suck on. In New York once a girl pulled her tampon out during one of my shows, I fuckin' ate it. That was at the Kat Klub show, best fuckin' Rock 'n' Roll you'd ever see. You had to be there, you can't even explain it. We got fuckin' written up in the *Village Voice* for seven fuckin' weeks

in a row, that's how fucked up it was. I was beating the shit out of people. I had some bitch up there and I was raping her. Three fuckin' shits during one song. It just kept comin' out. Sometimes you have to time the Ex-lax or it doesn't come out right. The last time I played in New York I didn't even do it, people were coming up to me and going "Why didn't you shit?" Sometimes we play music, other times we just don't care. Even when we suck, we're great.

RearGarde: Any more shows comin' up?

Allin: U. S. tour in July: Seven or eight shows, which is a tour for me.

RearGarde: Do you ever go back to your home town?

Allin: Uhh...I don't really have a home

town. I grew up in Vermont, in the St. Johnsbury area.

RearGarde: Do you do a lot of shows under an assumed name?

Allin: I used to, but not anymore. If they want to do a show, I'll do a show. If they don't want to do a show, I won't do the show. I'm not going to go fuckin' knockin' on people's doors. I've got ten fuckin' albums out, I don't need that shit. People don't wanna book me, fuck 'em.

RearGarde: How do you feel about being in a festival called Shock-Art?

Allin: I don't like it, we're Rock 'n' Roll. We don't have the idea we're going to go out and shock people, we just do it.

RearGarde: It's a way to bring in people?

Allin: Ya. We're not a fuckin' Art band. We just play music, but it is pretty violent. It's the most violent stage show in Rock 'N' Roll.

(At this point the conversation turns to a party that GG was at.)

Allin: That fourteen year old girl, I coulda had her if her father wasn't there. I had her on the fuckin' couch, stink-finger clit, all the way and her father walks in. I got my fuckin' finger in her cunt bad. That guy was so stupid, he was watching me molest his little daughter. He didn't lay a hand on me, I woulda killed him. I'm sittin' there laying all over her hand down her fuckin' pants and I look up and there's her father just lookin' at me. She wasn't shy, I got to the fuckin' party and after five minutes she had her hands on my balls. That was a great time.

RearGarde: How much longer will you be going this?

Allin: Forever. Til death do I part. (Somebody mentions that he's the Elvis Presley of Hardcore) Well I wouldn't say that. Ya, they'll have guided tours through my room when I die. I live in one fuckin' room; "This is where GG lived, he pissed in that bottle, he shit in that bag here, he slept here. Tour's over, twenty bucks." They could call it Scumland. There was some guy in Jersey who used to send me fifty dollars a week just for writing to him. He was like in love with me. I went to Graceland and I jumped on Elvis' grave and I put a fuckin' rose in my mouth and I had the GG Allin album up like this and I'm standing on his fuckin' grave and some broad comes running out, "You have no right to be on his grave." Fuck you, he's got no right to be under me.

(Somebody mentions something about Philadelphia)

Allin: I played in Philadelphia, that's where I did my first enema. Me and the singer from *Genocide* beat the shit out of this girl, she liked it for awhile, until it got out of hand. We did it all fuckin' night: We were hittin' her with microphone stands and pissing in her mouth, both of us at the same time. She was black and blue, she was layin' on the fuckin' floor and she had the fuckin' gall to say "GG, are you going to fuck me or what?" I figured that was it. If she wants to fuck after all that. We abused her bad, that's probably the worst time I ever abused anybody. She went to hospital too, she was fucked, bleeding inside and out... Well, the beer's almost gone so the questions are over too.

Interview conducted by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell.



FROM NEW YORK



Forgotten Rebels, *Surfin' on Heroin*
The Forgotten Rebels are back, as obnoxious as ever, with their first release to make it south of the border. This album is a great mix of old and new, although I must admit to liking their old stuff a little better, like the classic punk tune *Surfin' on Heroin*. But hell, Mickey de Sadist (the lead legenerate and vocalist) is my hero and I like anything the guy churns out. One hell of an album! Mickey, you're still the biggest jerk in Canada, if not the world... and we're proud. (*Restless/Enigma*, 2183 Dunwin, Mississauga, Ontario L5L 3S3). **Emma T.**

Nuclear Device, *Western Electric*
Here we go with another release from France to add to the slew of Punk LPs coming out of that country lately. This is a fun album with that ska/Latino sound and a driving Clash influence. It's not terribly original but it's energetic, loud and spunky. What more can you ask for? Pick it up. Don't Si! (*Bondage Records*, 46 rue du Roi de Sicile, 75004, Paris, France). **Emma T.**

Idjits, *Hey Judester*
Sounds like a bunch of more-than-slightly-destructive guys got together in a back room somewhere in the midwest and started yelling into a microphone and busing their instruments. They end up with a dangerous mix of punk, hardcore and rockabilly: Fast, angry, honest and extremely offensive. It's one of the best albums I've heard in a long time, I'm buying my copy tomorrow. (*Touch and Go*, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, Illinois, USA 60625). **Emma T.**

Firehose
This doesn't strike me as anything in particular (including good)—it's sorta just there. Weren't these guys real fast once when they were the Minutemen? They aren't anymore, just kind of pleasant and easy to listen to. I don't think 'play it loud' is the term to be used here, 'play it by candlelight' may be more to the point. Is that a jazz beat I hear on *Rhythm Spielin'*? 'up. (*SST Records*, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, California, USA 90260). **Emma T.**

The Corvairs, *Rio Blanco*
Looking at the album cover, I expected something really boring, but I was pleasantly surprised. It's sorta that Doom Vave rock sound but there's a surprising amount of energy mixed in. It's not my bag, being one of those retarded punk/hardcore music lovers, but I can recognize a good latin album when I hear one. (*Cryptovision*, P.O. Box 1812, New York, NY, USA 10009). **Emma T.**

Two Men Laughing, *Dead Or Alive*
Vestmount's own Two Men Laughing come out with a three-song EP of over-reduced dance music that is (get ready for ...) really quite a decent little record. Okay, this ain't my cup of tea, and the third song (*Touch You*) is really awful, but the track really works. In fact, it works because the over-production makes it an effective early 80's-style deathrock-dance line. Surprising. (*Seba Funebre*, 55 hornhill, Westmount, Quebec, H3Y 2E3). **J.D. Head**

Men Commandments, *Weird Out*
Sixties garage rock album that unfortunately sounds like it was recorded in the sixties. The bass booms, the drums are nny and, as a result, everything sounds the same. Only *Movin' Out* breaks the trend to really rock. With a better studio and a few more originals (nine of the 14 songs here are covers), the band might go places. Right

now, they're still in Toronto. (*Sensible Records*, 3 Brewton Road, Scarborough, Ontario M1G 1W2). **J.D. Head**

The Raunchettes
Meet Gi Gi Raunchette, Betsy Raunchette, Geolyn Raunchette and Kiy Raunchette. Watch them pose in front of a plain brick wall in their leather jackets (on the cover), listen to them play Punk Muzik (on the album). The Ramones parallels are obvious, but these girls have something the Ramones lost a couple of years back: an edge. Good solid fuzz three-chord stuff that doesn't pretend to be art or to attempt to follow trends. It's so ugly it's beautiful. My only complaint is there's only five songs, leaving us begging for more. Still, aggressive as all hell: I wouldn't want to meet them in a dark alley. Maybe a dark room... (*Bomp! Records*, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, California, USA 91505). **Paul Gott**

Divinylns, *Tempermental*
Christina Amphett has grown out of her little girl pouting phase and lost most of her band at the same time. Mark McEntee (guitars) is the only other original Divinyln left and the style's changed a little, too. At least, side one includes a couple of pure pop tunes (*Back to the Wall* and *Punxie*) as the band seems to be trying to fit the gap left by the original Pretenders as a commercially acceptable rock 'n roll outfit. Side two is more to their roots of quirky New Wave, and the whole thing has Christina's unique popping, whooping and rasping vocals that you just gotta love. This is the acceptable face of pop. (*Chrysalis/MCA*). **J.D. Head**

Combo Limbo
A rockabilly band that grew up, the Combo go through r&b/funk (*Things*), lounge jazz/swing (*See No Evil*), Talking Heads new wave (*Urban Paranoia*), and some other cleancut variations. But I like them when they hit their roots with rockers like *Cold Day In Hell*, *Motorman* and the amazing *Smile When You Say Goodbye* which starts from nothing and ends with a rockabilly attack. I doubt I'll play the entire album too much, but I might wear out my needle on the rockers. (*Drip Dry Records*, P.O. Box 607, Cooper Station, New York, NY, USA 10276). **J.D. Head**



Death Sentence, *Stop Killing Me!*
A couple of years back, DS released *Not A Pretty Sight*, maybe one of the best things ever to come out of the Canadian underground (yeah, seriously). Now they've expanded to a foursome, replaced their bassist, and vocalist Pete Puke changed his name to Pete Cleaver. Appropriately, the music changed from a punk/hardcore assault to garden variety speed metal. I'm not all that impressed. (*Fringe Product*, P.O. Box 670, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1G2). **J.D. Head**

All, *Allroy Sez*
Take three Descendents and a Dag Nasty vocalist, fuzz those guitars, play some pop tunes, have some fun, and you've got All. This, their first release, is better than any Descendents LP I ever got to hear because it's Punk music that's rooted in pop toons and not other second-hand punk stuff. Pure

niftiness. (*Cruz Records*, P.O. Box 7756, Long Beach, CA, USA 90807). **Paul Gott**

Eric Hysterie, *Fur Dich*
Every once in a while, Eric gets really plastered, goes down into his basement, turns his fuzzbox up to 11, turns his drum machine on, and records an album. At least, that's my theory... "Underproduced" would be an understatement. There are six songs here in Eric's native German, five in English, and one in French, though it's virtually impossible to tell because you can't hear any words. There might be instrumentals here, I just don't know. But if you like fuzz guitar and support the spirit of do-it-yourself punk music, then send away for one of Eric's albums and keep him off the street and in the basement where he belongs. (*Orgasm Records*, Obertorstr. 6, 6293 Lohnberg, West Germany). **J.D. Head**

Never...But Always, *Tonight EP*
Okay, you expect more painfully sentimental pop garbage. You'll be pleasantly surprised that what you get is actually progressive techno-pop that hovers between Yazoo and New Order. This new Ontario band has released a second EP on the Power Records label. This refreshingly energetic follow-up to *Never Enough* doesn't disappoint. (*Power Recrds*, 3447 Kennedy Road, unit 4, Scarborough, Ontario, M1V 3S5). **Sonja Chichak**

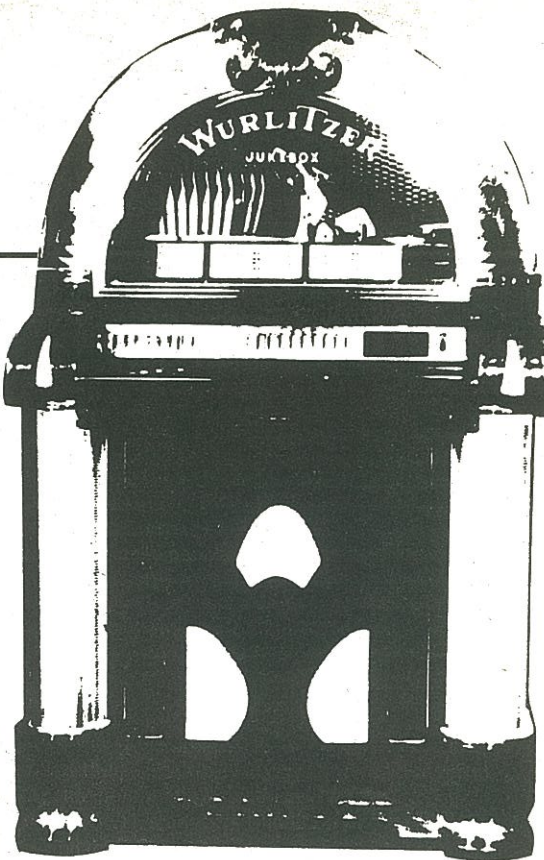


The Razorbacks, *Go To Town*
That's right folks! They're available on vinyl. Just recently released, the Razorbacks' album is an authentic tribute to the completely accoustic rockabilly style. Granted, a little bit overproduced but the full effect of the powerful stage show can be found on this album. It's full-fledged country/Rockabilly without the heavy electrics: Eleven tracks of Razorboogie. (*Other People's Music*, 47 Racine Road, unit 6, Rexdale, Ontario, M9W 6B2). **Sonja Chichak**

Ludwig Von 88, *Houlala 2 "La Mission"*
The Sex Pistols meet Monty Python in this, the second album from the best of the new French Punk bands. A slew of drum-machine punk/hardcore tunes are inserted between bits of dialogue and sound effects that are supposed to make this a kind of Rambo plot parody. Interesting concept, great tunes including a couple of surprises: *William Cramps* sounds almost ska, *Messire Quentin* sounds like it's fresh out of the 13th century, and *Le Steak* reaches breakneck hardcore speed. Top of the class in the best scene happening today, the French Punk revival. (*Bondage Records*, 46 rue du roi de Sicile, 75004 Paris, France). **Paul Gott**

Deja Voodoo, *Big Pile Of Mud*
I guess it's easy to become jaded when it comes to Deja Voodoo. You know, you've heard 30 or 40 Voodoo songs, you've heard them all. But then they come back and put out another LP that's just plain fun. Mud features all the stuff we've always liked—deadpan vocals, tom-tom beat drums, and a washed out guitar. It also features one or two new things like the guitar skanking off-

ON THE RECORD



beat on *Gonna Kill Somebody*, a *Doors* rip-off on *A Million Pieces* and a top-speed raver called *48 Bucks* (my favourite tune). And the subject material is just as stoopid as ever with songs like *Red Garlic Shoes*, *Big Ending* (which is all the song is), *Some Things Just Don't Wash Off*, and *Dodge Veg-O-Matic*. The only tune that doesn't work is the last one, *Pork Salad Annie*, where they stretch a two minute thumper to eight minutes (ouch!). Everything else is just too cool. (*OG Music*, Box 182, Station F, Montreal, H3J 2L1). **J.D. Head**

Apathy... Never!, Various
A compilation of hardcore groups from across the universe that demonstrates both the best and the worst of what's happening in the scene nowadays. Side one starts off with the aptly-named *Depression* from Australia doing typical thrash speed-metal. *Half Life* (USA) follows with a great tune: No HM screech vocals and a solid guitar riff. *Gash* (Australia) is average, but does have a female vocalist, something all too rare. *Mottek* (West Germany) is more speed metal. *Kauneus and Terveys* (Finland) give us one terrible toon and a fun one, *Dallas*, about some American TV show. Our own *Fair Warning* produce one average tune and a solid mover, *Say No More*. *Fuck Geez* (Japan) are impressive. *Sons of Ishmael* (Toronto) are real good in a stupid sort of way, the *Dehumanizers* (USA) are rather average, *So Much Hate* (Norway) are damn good, and *Raped Teenagers* (Sweden) are even better, putting some interesting twists into four thrashers that together total three and a half minutes. Batting more than .500 puts this comp in the major leagues. (*Over the Top*, P.O. Box 99, Guilford, CT, USA 06437). **J.D. Head**

Hickoids, *We're In It For The Corn*
This is probably what the Butthole Surfers would sound like if they found themselves in a redneck country bar and had to try playing straight C&W or get beaten to a pulp: Noise guitars, runaway tempos and general craziness over a basic country bass line and beat. Starts off great with tunes like *Longest Mile*, *Rodeo Peligroso* and *Williamanza*, and then seems to lose a little steam. Still a terrific album, though, and ya gotta like an LP that includes a song called *U Kin Lead A Hoss To Water But He Still Drinks On His Own*. (*Toxic Shock Records*, P.O. Box 242, Pomona, CA, USA 91769). **J.D. Head**

Poésie Noire
Not much interesting about this LP—a three piece group from Antwerp Belgium playing 11 dark, techno-synth tunes in the

3-4 minute range. The beats are monotonous, the vocals bad, or black if you wish, songs about alienation, introspective pieces by Gary Numan/Tubeway Army clones sounding pretty boring. Music for manic depressives; an acquired taste, acquired with difficulty. (*Antler Records*). **Mike Giroux**

Wampas
The french invasion continues with this rockabilly quartet from Paris. Their first North American release offers a half-dozen songs about drinkin', dancin' and girls: *Boire du lait frais*, *y'a qu'ça d'vrai*, *D'la vodka*, *du whisky*, *c'est capital...* / *Merci mon dieu*, *l'alcool fait toujours les héros...* All six songs are co-written by Didier Wampas and Marc Police; no other info is given, but the lead guitarist plays a Fender Mustang. (*Tutti Frutti Records*, dist. in North America by New Rose). **Mike Giroux**

The Noodles, *Dirty Soul*
Speedmetal à la française: another French release and this one is loud and heavy. Gilles, Bruno, Doumé, Jean-Mi and Jeff are the Noodles. Listen carefully to the english lyrics and you can hear the french accents. *Sweet Lies* and *Right or Wrong* are notable cuts. This is an album for Zippy the Noodlehead: "Yowee! Je m'amuse, I am having ze fun, oui!" Might get a little boring with repeated listenings, or you might wear out your needle on the noodle groove. The production is searing, the treble is turned up high. Not for weak tweeters or limp noodles. (*Noodles Konnection*, kath 38 rue du cornet, 49100 Angers). **Mike Giroux**

The Del Lords, *Based on a True Story*
Danceable, commercial, straight ahead Rock'n Roll from this N.Y. City group. This could be a big summer album: they've got the hot licks and catchy hooks they need, including some great slide guitar. All four members sing well—the lead singer has a pleasing, warm voice and the three and four-part harmonies are excellent too. *Judas Kiss* is a rocking ballad that sounds like a hit "All the roses in the closet/ All summer we watched them fade/ Now they crumble to the touch/ Like the promise you made." *Cheyenne*, *River of Justice* and *Crawl in Bed* are other possible hits. With the right push, this band could become well known this year on the strength of this album. Lots of studio help and good production values round out this offering. An honest, not pretentious LP. You can't lose. (*Enigma Records*, El Segundo, California). **Mike Giroux**

Twisted Roots

I'm still trying to think of something nice to say about this one: Early 70's pop with a wash of synthesizer in the background and cutesy production tricks (even a Rolling Stones cover, by gawd). Maybe I expected too much because it features Dez Cadena on guitars and vocals (along with songwriter Paul Roessler) and because it's on CD Presents, a real cool label out of San Francisco. And I'm still trying to think of something nice to say, but I can't... These guys should give up on music and take up selling insurance, it seems more their speed. (CD Presents, 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531, San Francisco, CA, USA 94133). J.D. Head



No Means No, The Day Everything Became Nothing

The much-awaited follow-up to *Sex Mad* is upon us. This six-track EP shows us that those Victoria monsters are in a more nihilistic frame of thought, almost lacking the sarcastic humorous approach they've been hailed for. No matter, cuz the music itself is still incredible. Psycho-sonic bass and guitar fill out the vicious drumming. Ultimate tracks are *Forget Your Life* and *Brother Rat/What Slayde Says*. They're just more serious and realistic about matters this time around: They knock back a few, talk about life and what is right. Fuck 'em all, the three Bobs are still wickedly cool. (Alternative Tentacles). Lorrie

Karen Finley, The Truth Is Hard To Swallow

After a few listens, one gets over the initial shock and realizes that this is an intelligent, observant woman. The heavy drumbeat behind some of the tracks makes it more palatable and the spoken-word side is remarkably well-done, recorded from a live performance. Her stabs at the male sex are inarguably aimed at yer basic trucker assholes, but unfortunately those types will never hear this record. "She's brilliant," says Vince, and I think he's right. Offensive, yes. Obscene—well, that depends on your sense of morality. An artist, definitely. Trading male observances and macho enigma with female cerebellum is what Karen Finley's incredible insight is all about. Refusing silence, completely violent. Genius. (address unavailable). Lorrie

Phantom Tollbooth, Power Toy

So they're supposed to be a maniacal live band. Yes, the record does show off energy, but more in the vein of hard rock acid meets *Black Flag*. 'Overdrive, musical tornado' my ass. Simply a well-produced (by Spot) musical merging of hardcore and metal that is becoming all too common. The standout track, *Heart's Barracuda*, is done in the same style as the *Rhythm Pigs*. Reviews shouldn't be comparative (tell me it's not so—ed.) but come on guys, you've stolen from all the elements. (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Centre, New York, NY, USA 11571-0570). Lorrie

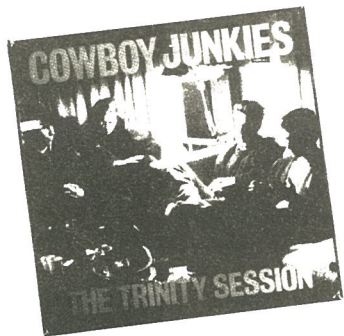
Rat Music For Rat People Volume Three. Various

Turn up the stereo for this one, a hardcore/punk/speedcore attack out of California. Fifteen gonzo tunes from 13 gonzo bands. D.I. start off the LP with a great cover of *Ballroom Blitz* and the *Adolescents* end with a great cover of *All Day And All Of The Night*, both covers being at about the same tempo as the original and giving them a real roots-Punk sound (?—ed.). Inbetween, *Doggie Style* comes in with the best track called *Janitor Man*, more Punk than Hardcore; *White Flag* gives us two tunes, including the great *Loaded*; *Adrenalin O.D.* live up to their name with one of the fastest played and sung thrashers ever to melt vinyl (*Sightseeing*) and *Mojo Nixon*, the surprise inclusion, gives us a hilarious (what else) anti-Nancy Reagan song, *I Ain't Gonna Piss In A Jar*. Also included: *COC* (not bad), *Raw Power* (best of their brand of speed-metal), *Attitude*, *Naked Raygun*, *Verbal Abuse* ('core), *Sacrilege* (the only song here which goes too far into metal for my taste), and *Frontline* (more core). Best comp of hardcore (or mostly hardcore) I've heard in years. (CD Presents, 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531, San Francisco, California, USA 94133). J.D. Head



Lillian Allen, Conditions Critical

More of the wonderfully vibrant dub poetry from this Toronto woman. The album opens with a spoken word piece, then bursts into the powerful *Why Do We Have To Fight?* which keeps coming back throughout the rest of the record. There's also some beautiful feminist anthems like *Sister Hold On* and *Dis Ya Mumma Earth*, including guests from the *Parachute Club*. Even a couple of dance cuts, like the title cut. Lillian Allen is the Great White's hope for the future of Canadian reggae, justly deserved. (Festival Records, 3271 Main Street, Vancouver, V5V 3M6). Lorrie



Cowboy Junkies, The Trinity Session

By now, you all know that this Toronto ensemble are busting through national charts with this album that was recorded in the wee hours at the Church of the Holy Trinity in T.O. No overdubs, no post-production mixing, just the band, a 2-track digital tape machine and a microphone. The purpose was to take advantage of the natural resonance of the acoustic instruments, and the result is an incredibly

beautiful record. The group claims that country music is the inspiration for this second album. There is a twangy guitar throughout, but there's still that integral bluesy feeling that is so important and unique to the Junkies' purpose. For mellow moods or late night teardrop sessions, this album's a definite must. (Latent Recordings, 407 The Kingsway, Islington, Ontario M9A 3W1). Lorrie

The Sugar Cubes, Life's So Good

The debut album from this Icelandic combo is making waves all over the Western world, even if it sells at a disgustingly outrageous import price. I even fell for it and actually bought it. Yes, it's that good. The band's sound combines the vocal sound of tamed *Slits*, thundering and whirling guitars and dizzying overdubs. Their songs talk of big cuddly mothers, the questioning of Christianity, car accidents, and, of course, copulation in various moods. Also included are the LP versions of *Coldsweat* and *Deus*. Evidently, Reykjavic isn't just for political summits, it seems their music scene is thriving. But just when will they decide to musically invade North America? One can only hope it's not too far in the future? (One Little Indian Records, 250 York Rd., London SW11). Lorrie

Dickies, Killer Klowns From Outer Space Bizarre. Not at all what I expected from a Dickies EP. After the first 30 seconds, I had adjusted to the keyboards and figures. Hell, this stuff is pretty good. It's more power pop than anything else and at times reminds me of Cheap Trick. The one song that stands out is *Eep Oop Ork* (Uh, Uh), a sorta psycho-rockabilly-pop tune. The album's not vintage Dickies but it's worth having nonetheless. (Enigma/Capitol). Emma T.

The End Of Music As We Know It. Various

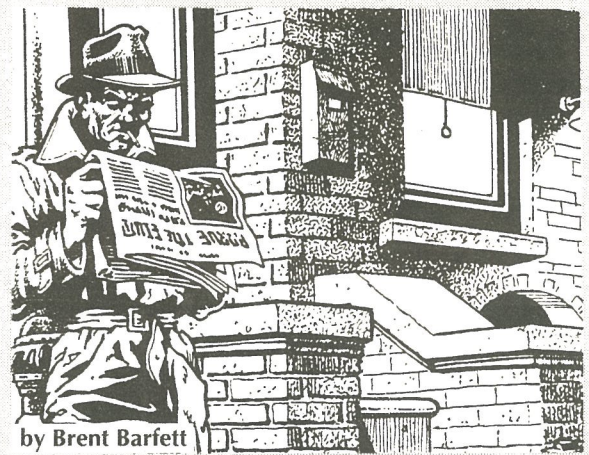
So this is what music should be. I prefer death. Granted, it's a great idea: Give 11 bands a few hours in a studio and have them record live, letting these groups from the sleaze pit of America do as they please. But it all comes across as self-indulgent noise, or worse yet, as heavy metal soundalikes with little more energy. *Thurston Moore* prolongs aural torture with *European Son*. *Jello Biafra* talks on about *Relief*. *Honeymoon Killers* are just that and less, and *Krackhouse*... pew! And so on and so on... *Needlenose*. *At Home* is the only track I can get off on. I don't like this stuff, but maybe you progressive 90's rock 'n rollers can, but I don't want to hear any more. (ROIR Tapes, Suite 725, 611 Broadway, New York, NY, USA 10012). Emma T.

DEJA VU RECORDS

BIG PILE MUD

Some of the albums reviewed here are provided by CRSG Radio, 1455 De Maisonneuve Blvd., Montreal, H3G 1M8

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by Brent Barfett

Well the summer is finally here and it's time once again to pull your flabby body together and do some gardening. Yes, there is a certain mystical feeling to the age old art of cultivation. Preparing the rich dark soil for cute little seeds never fails to comfort a tormented soul and make the neighbors really jealous. This year cucumber and carrots are in, while lettuce has taken second place to green peppers. Hey wait a sec, oops, sorry folks this is my column for the Montreal Daily Snooze. (Sheesh, all that for one stupid joke.)

Oh well. Don't fret. Once again your beady little eyes, probably in search of the latest band info, have come across the record cover review column. WAIT don't stop reading. This month is gonna be fantastic! I've taken a do-it-yourself approach to three cool covers. How often have you looked at an album and thought, "Wow, I wish I could do a cover like that." Well now you too will be able to expend your creative energy and have a great time doing it. Ok. Ok. You can stop reading now.

The first album on my list of do-it-yourselfers is by *Paradox*. It's an album called *Product of Imagination*. If you're just a beginner, this is the one to start with because it's extremely easy to make. Here's what ya do: Go to your favourite operating room dressed as a surgeon. (Remember, it's surgeon, not sturgeon). Say "Hello" to a couple of the orderlies and discreetly steal a scalpel. You might have to stay a while if there's a patient lying on the operating table, but DON'T PANIC, patients lying around hospitals are quite common. All you have to do is cut him open, poke around a bit, remove any dark coloured masses and tell the nurse to stitch him up. (Whatever you do, don't call her "Honey"). Now, leave the operating room as discreetly as possible.

Here's where the fun starts. When you get home, take your cool CRSG tee-shirt off. Grasp the scalpel firmly in your left hand, slit your stomach open, insert your left hand into the opening and pull out whatever you can. Now, take all of the guts and twist them around so they're inside-out. Tape them to a canvas, draw a crescent moon in the top right corner and a couple of shooting stars.

Then gently add a ghostly figure at the bottom right and Voila! You have just created the latest album cover from *Paradox*. At this point you'll probably be bleeding profusely and feel somewhat faint. But please, take this time to truly appreciate your creation. Just remember to stay off any carpets, blood stains are a real bitch to get out.

Next on my list of home-made records is *Final Genocide* by *Dissection*. This cover requires a little more work but, don't worry, my step-by-step instructions will lead you through the tough parts with ease. For this cover you need three things: A friend with a long chain saw, a sketch pad and a really stupid cop (that shouldn't be too hard to find). First, get the cop to lie down on a table somewhere and get the chainsaw going. Ask your friend to start sawing the policeman and, when there is sufficient blood and guts, tell him to hold the saw above his head and grimace. Now sketch the whole thing using bright greens, yellows and reds et voila. Remember not to leave the cop lying around too long, dead bodies tend to stink up the place.

Finally, a do-it-yourself album cover that everyone can do. Well, everyone with at least one hand and a camera, that is. It's the *Fuck Off* album by *Overkill*. Set up a camera, give it the finger and take a photo. That's it. But, try not to strain your finger too much cause it just might stay that way and then you'd be stuck with one hand. I don't believe this, but I've been told you should read *RearGarde* with two hands in order to get the maximum benefit.

Well, hoped you enjoyed your lesson, y'all come back next month, ya hear.

DEJA VU RECORDS

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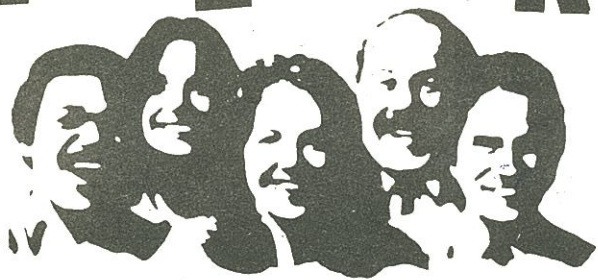
486 St. Catherine W. (in Labyrinthe)
Metro McGill 866-6016

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MARS

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FILLER



Next month the Juste Pour Rire/Just For Laughs Comedy festival will be returning to Montreal for the fourth year in English and the sixth year in French. The venues will be the same as past years, for instance Theatre St. Denis, Woody's Comedy Nest, Club Soda...but I'll bet we can expect some new venues for this year. Watch for some outdoor shows.

As of this writing the full schedule has not been announced but a few names have been released to tease us. Some of the big names brought in this year include Ed Begley (I don't know who he is, but I've been told he's famous), Steve Allen, John Candy and French mime Marcel Marceau.

Due to enormity of these names I figured I had to snag an exclusive interview with one of these four. Begley and Allen weren't home when I called and Candy's line was busy so I went for Marceau. The following is a brief partial transcript of that interview.

RearGarde: Mr. Marceau, will this be your first time in Montreal?
Marceau:

RearGarde: Really, that was a long time ago. Montreal has really changed in that time. Do you plan on doing much sightseeing while you're here?

Marceau:

RearGarde: Ha, no that's closed. What do you do to prepare yourself for a show?

Marceau:

RearGarde: That's all. One would think that you'd do a lot more prep...

Marceau:

RearGarde: Sorry. I won't bring it up again. How does it feel to be performing during a Comedy festival?

Marceau:

RearGarde: Have you done anything like this before?

Marceau:

RearGarde: When was that?

Marceau:

RearGarde: How does it feel when you're walking down the street and you see these mimes on street corners, do you feel as if they're imitating you?

Marceau:

RearGarde: Well, what I mean is do they ever steal your moves?

Marceau:

RearGarde: Recently while watching an old episode of Cheers I saw a bit where somebody was really against mimes. I even remember seeing that on an old episode of Saturday Night Live. On Saturday Night Live John Belushi played the part of a guy who was even excused for shooting a mime. Are you familiar with these shows and do you ever run into people who are so called anti-mime?

Marceau:

RearGarde: Really, but...

Marceau:

RearGarde: That about sums it up, one more question. If you could be any marketable toy, which would it be and why?

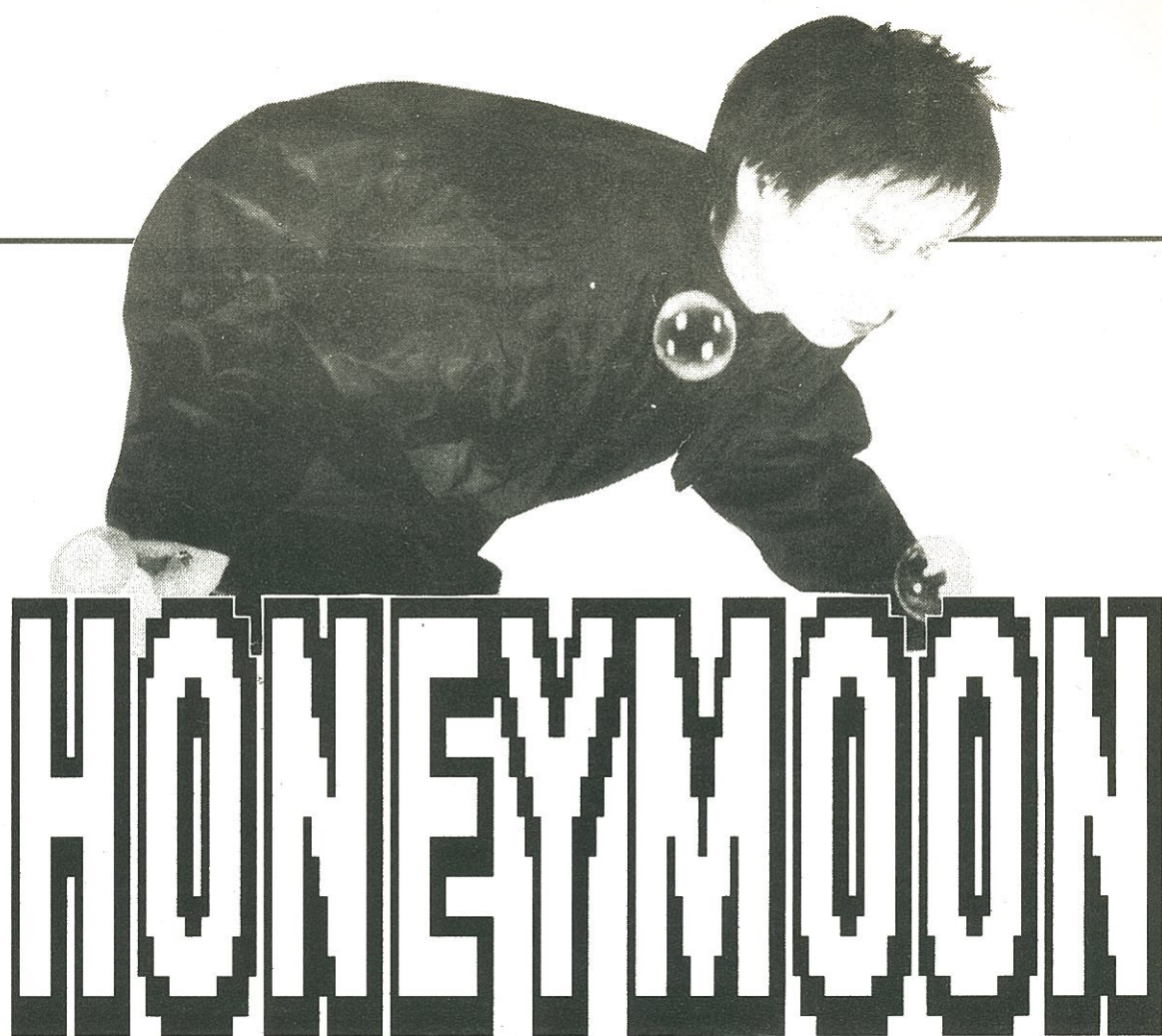
Marceau:

RearGarde: Hah...but why?

Marceau:

RearGarde: I don't know if I can print that. Oh well thank you very much for your time?

Marceau:



by J.S. Ward

The Honeymoons, a duo from Japan, played Les Foufounes Electriques as part of The Festival International de Musiciennes Innovatrices. The April 7th performance showcased their rock songs, whereas the Friday, April 8th show was totally improvised; something I'm still trying to come to grips with as I write.

Alone and together these two women performed with relentless confidence: psychically aware of one another at every moment- often finishing a piece at the same split second.

Kamura Atsuko, bassist, started the show alone with a driving Japanese scat number sung into two mikes- one with super distortion. She sandpapered the mike, popped plastic packing wrap, banged a bunch of different sticks, and just generally shook up the crowd and warmed up the club. She was then joined by Tenko Ueno on guitar, voice, keyboards, drum machine and about six feet of pipe (found in the Foufounes dressing room), which she played with a small cymbal.

Do not misunderstand- pipe and plastic wrap notwithstanding, these women are serious and they command ultimate respect from the stage. There is nothing wacky or light-hearted about The Honeymoons in performance. The music is discordant, atonal, severe with heavy rock rhythms and the singing is disturbing. Both women possess powerful and exciting voices. They scream, sigh, yodel, and chant almost non-stop and are always completely riveting. Never for a second did I have that, "Gosh, I'm at an avant-garde type

music thing. How soon can I get out of here?" feeling.

It was so inspiring to watch them physically master and control their instruments (be it bashing, scratching, banging or plucking), while letting their imaginations go wild.

But as I said- this was a *serious* show. So I was quite unprepared for the jovial, spritely women I encountered upstairs post-performance. First thing they did was offer me a beer.

Their English, vastly superior though it was to my Japanese, did pose a few problems. When asked how long she'd been playing and singing with Kamura, Tenko replied, "Almost ten hours." Boy was I impressed when I heard that.

So ten years ago Tenko, Kamura and three other women formed the Polka Dot Fire Brigade- well known in international avant garde circles for powerhouse improv. Basically they were good friends who wanted to do something together but, "...really hate practice and training."

Tenko explains, "Improvised music is thrilling. (Kamura adds darkly, "Very dangerous. Big Pressure.") It make me very tense and I like tension. Technique is no problem. I pick up guitar ten years ago at 25 and still no technique. Disgusting."

I wanted to know what they were singing about but they insisted the songs had no meaning. "Just images. I can see some words or a pretty small strange animal so then I sing about it." Tenko has a special fondness for children's nursery songs and Kamura loves British rock.

Though still active members of The Polka Dot Fire Brigade, they like the

duo format because there is, "...just one other something only.", whereas the trio is, "...the start of the minimum social group."

They were on their way to New York to play CBGB's and upcoming plans include a Polka Dot Fire Brigade album and a possible solo concert—voice only—for Tenko.

Her parting advice to a novice musicienne was, "Forget about technique. Be free. You can do anything anyways."



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499-1323

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845-9002.
Poodles: 3699 St. Laurent. 844-7762.
Rising Sun: 286 Ste. Catherine W.
861-0657.
Secrets: 40 Pine Ave. W. 844-0004.
Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine W. 861-
5851.
Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W.
934-0484.
Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis.
849-4211.
Thunderome: 1252 Stanley. 397-
1628.

This month, the incredible revolving Listings staff includes Emma on compiling dates and Warren 'Mr. Wonderful' Campbell writing this stuff again. Once again, we would like to point out that Warren is an independent entity here and doesn't get edited nearly as much as he should and we would therefore like to totally disassociate ourselves from what passes for information below. As always, please disregard any offers, membership drives or unlikely opening acts listed below.

Wednesday, June 1
Foufounes: *Dead Milkmen*, from Philadelphia, I think. Funny kind of Hardcore stuff. What I don't understand is why it took so long for them to come to town. If you talk to them then ask them about Jim Walewander.
Peel Pub: *The Elementals*. Cheap beer (some call it draft) lousy music and lots of screaming people (that's only when I walk in). That's what it's all about.
Cafe Campus: *The Other Banquet*. That's right, not the Banquet, but the Other Banquet. This show is free.
Station Ten: *Moonshadow*. This is apparently all-girl rock. Now did *Talk Shop* start something or am I imagining things. So go see them and if they're shit just blame *Talk Shop*.
Theatre St. Denis: *Ding Dong*. Yes? Who's there?
Déja Vu: *Dr. Sav*. Go to the club, watch the band, take two beers and call me in the... oh never mind.

Thursday, June 2
Foufounes: More fusion Jazz with *DBC* and *Groovy Aardvark*. This could turn out to be the concert of the year if your into that kinda stuff. Then again it could not.
Peel Pub: The *Elementals* are back for more good times and lots of cheer.
Station Ten: *News From The Front*. They're described as French Alternative Rock. Well at least somebody is.
Theatre St. Denis: Zippy's friends are back here. Yes that's right *Ding & Dong*. It's about time that we found a place to put them.
Déjà Vu: *Dr. Sax*. You say that now, but wait 'til the morning.
American Rock Café: *Chinese Backwards*. Oh God, not this band with their... One day they should go on a road trip in *Kingston* and maybe base themselves out of there. That way they would could find themselves some New Land to play in.

Friday, June 3
Foufounes: *The Biggest Star* to play here in a long time. *Alex Chilton*, back from the dead, is back in at the Foufounes. Remember *The Letter* by *The Boxtops* in the 60's? That was him singing. Since then he's had his ups and downs (more downs than most people) and he's been hanging out with the *Replacements*, producing the *Cramps* and having his songs covered by the likes of *The Bangles*. So you see he does have some impressive credentials. Who was this again?... Oh yeah, *Alex Chilton*. Tickets are \$12 at the door and \$10 in advance.
Peel Pub: *The Elementals*. I'm sure *Alex* is going to be sorry he missed them.
Station Ten: Pack the kids and gather up the drugs. *Bokomaru* is back at Station Ten (have they ever played anywhere else). Go hear your favourite *Grateful Dead* songs. After all, somebody has to.
Theatre St. Denis: *Ding & Dong*.
Déja Vu: *Dr. Sax*.
American Rock Café: *Montreal Report*. These guys are a bunch of cards. They are described as a cover band of classic rock. I guess they do stuff like the *Beatles*, *The Rolling Stones*, *The Kinks*. Join *Cougar*, *The Demics*....
Rising Sun: *Roots Movement* from Ottawa. No description but I'll bet they're *Industrial*. Or as those kinda people like to say, "difficult listening." sorta like *Chinese Backwards*.
Spectrum: *Mirror's* third anniversary bash. Now this is interesting, we've had a first anniversary bash, that was at Club Soda with *Dub U5*, *Monty Cantatin* and *The Gruesomes*, among others and now they're having a third anniversary bash. Was I asleep or did I miss something but I just can't remember a second anniversary bash. Oh wait a minute, was that the show at Station Ten with *Chinese Backwards*.? Tonight you'll see the *Nils*, *Yemsgane*, *E J Brulé* among others as well there will lots of other things to do. If you don't go see *Alex Chilton* then check this out.
Forum: Ha, a bunch of hippies getting together to discuss where to buy the best drugs. *Crosby Stills & Nash* lull us to sleep with *Bruce Cockburn* and *Michel Rivard* and someone else I can't remember. Yawn. Tickets are really

expensive.

Saturday, June 4th
Foufounes: Fifth anniversary closing night. Many different types of things going on here tonight including *The French Bastards* and something named Zev Fischer. There will be more.
Peel Pub: *The Elementals* again. I wonder if bands get tired playing the same club every night. Oh yeah, it's the *Elementals*.
Club Soda: The Jaz: *Butcher*. Right after this he's off to do some recordings at the CBC on behalf of Brave New Waves, now there's a scoop.
Station Ten: *Bokomaru* again.
Theatre St. Denis: *Ding & Dong* until the 12th of June, just so I don't have to keep re-writing this.
Déja Vu: *Dr. Sax*.
American Rock Café: *Montreal Report* again.
Rising Sun: *Roots Movement*. Maybe they're Ton 40.

Sunday, June 5th
Peel Pub: *The Elementals*.
Station Ten: *Down To Earth*. A band that eats granola no doubt. Included with this band is *Chuckie Boy* a local blues harpist.
Déja Vu: *Bowser & Blue*.
American Rock Café: *Sons of the Desert*. What are they doing on It came From Canada?

Monday, June 6th
Peel Pub: Apparently it's the *Elementals* again, what you couldn't get enough of them last week.
Station Ten: *U.S. Instrumental Rock*. Oh boy, will they play *Classical Gas*?
Déjà Vu: *Bowser & Blue* are back.
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session with *Kenny Wilson*.

Tuesday, June 7th
Foufounes: *Elan* from Boston. On the first hand I'd say they're from Boston so they're good. But on the other hand I'd say they're called Elan so I'd wonder. I guess I'll have to go check them out.
Peel Pub: *Elementals*.
Poodles: *Per Capita*. Consumption Rock.
Station Ten: *Hex*. Heavy Metal, right?
Deja Vu: *Boswer & Blue & Stills & Nash*.
Spectrum: *Big Pig* from Aussie, is that Australia or Austria.

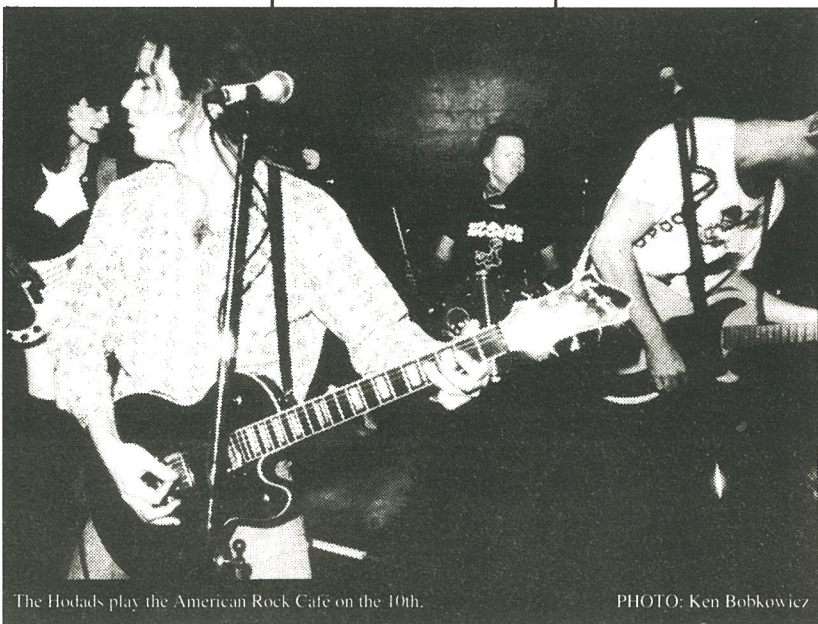
Wednesday, June 8th
Poodles: *Traffic D'Influence*. Music.
Station Ten: *Orphans*. Heavy Garage
 Rock. As Paul once said, "What time is
 it?"
Cafe Campus: *The Swinging Relatives*.
 I know where Rina'll be.
Déja Vu: *Dr. Sax*.
Rising Sun: Wednesday Night Jazz
 Jam. Ooooooooooh.
Montreal Forum: *Depeche Mode*.
 (Ooooooooooooh—Ed.) What can I say but
 I won't be there unless somebody wants
 to take me.

Thursday, June 9th
Foufounes: A. Tzar. Oh yeah, which one? Nicholas or Peter or...
Station Ten: *Scat Man Go*. Funk Rock. Sure.
Club Soda: *Front Runner*. In what?
Deja Vu: *Lakeshore Rockers*. (NOTE: Oh, don't be too mean W. C.).
American Rock Café: *Elan* from Boston. Quincy Market rock.
Rising Sun: *Captain Crunch and Let's Do Lunch* with *Bubblegum Army*. One great price.

Friday, June 10th
Foufounes: *Kitten With a Whip* from Toronto. *Deadlines* from who knows where and NY artist *Sue-Anne Harkay*.
Station Ten: *Sons of the Desert*. You know who they are.
Club Soda: *Paul James Band*. Rockabilly from Toronto. Not quite, but then again it was probably somebody at Club Soda that gave that information, just like last issue's Marvin fiasco. He's more a bluesish-rocker. Big on the Ontario club circuit but small anywhere east of Ottawa. He's gonna break it here soon. By the way that whole Marvin thing was not my fault. It was the club who told us that Marvin was a tribute band, maybe the Club Soda should either brief their staff on what's going on or just replace them. Who knows, during the comedy festival or Jazz festival the people who answer the phone just might tell you that some Top-40 band is playing there. By the way I met someone who saw the Marvin show and they were duly impressed with the whole thing. Good for the people who put it on and congratulations on a successful run. Just make sure that the place you're putting it on at knows what the fuck it is you're

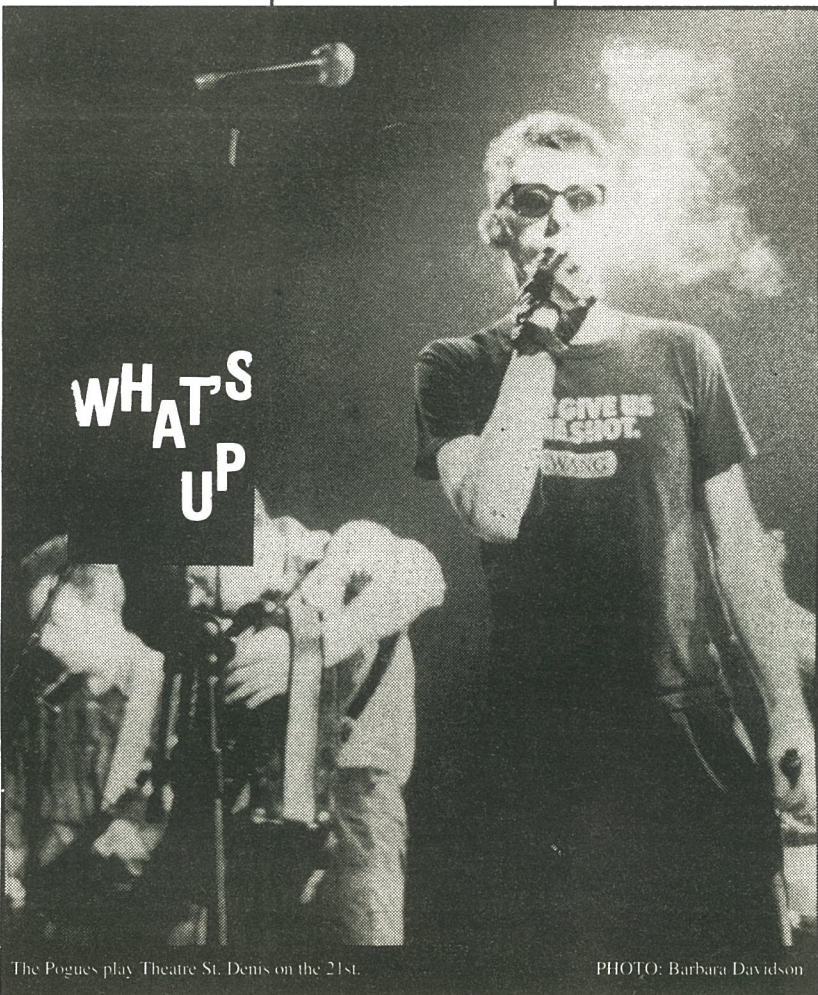


Kitten With A Whip appear at les Foufounes Electriques on the 9th.



The Hodads play the American Rock Café on the 10th.

PHOTO: Ken Bobkowitz



The Pogues play Theatre St. Denis on the 21st.

PHOTO: Barbara Davidson

putting on:
Deja Vu: *Lakeshore Rockers* (Oh, oh. Don't be too mean W. C.).
American Rock Café: *Bullets*, a cover band (Ooooooooooh—ed.). Maybe they should be put under the covers or even better under a pillowcase.
Rising Sun: *Mango with J. R.*
Spectrum: *TamTam* dance. Sorry don't know how. But \$13.50 for this. I bet I could do the Tam Tam for a lot less than that at the bar Manchester at the corner of St. Remi and Notre Dame.

[illegible]

Deja Vu: *Midnight Special*. They wouldn't go over in Toronto because nobody there knows what midnight is. **American Rock Café:** *The Hodads*, the New Hodads. Now Speed-metal. **Spectrum:** *Clannad*. They once did a song with U2. So you know they're good. **Forum:** What has nine arms and sucks? That's right, they're at the Forum tonight. *Def Leppard*.

Monday, June 13th
Station Ten: *Sight*, a tribute to *Rush*. What's this world coming to?
Déja Vu: *Midnight Special*.
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam Session.
Peel Pub: *Dr. Sax*. Oh, go on tour or something.

Tuesday, June 14th
Fourfouones: *Johnny Got His Gun*,
Eugene Ripper and *The North*.
 Montreal, Toronto and ???????
Peel Pub: *Dr. Sax*.
Poodles: *New Decor Party*. That's
 right—any excuse for a party.
Station Ten: *The Fuhrer's Project*.
 French alternative.
Déja Vu: *Midnight Special*.
Spectrum: *The Church*. Only \$17.50.
Theatre St. Denis: *Celine Dion* until the
 19th.

Wednesday, June 15th
Peel Pub: *Dr. Sax.*
Station Ten: *Soul Bandits. R&B: Really bitchin'.*
Poodles: *Festival of feminist Comedians: Rire De Ma Soeur. Oh yeah? What about the front?*
Cafe Campus: *Metis Projection.*
 Cin'moi \$7.00. What?
Déja Vu: *Midnight Special.*

Thursday, June 16th
Foofounes: *Tragically Hip, One Free Fall* from Toronto.
Peel Pub: *Dr. Sax.*
Station Ten: *Fast & Furious, Neil Young* soundalikes. Oh god.
Cafe Campus: Same as last night.
Manchester Bar: Cheap beer and me.
Déjà Vu: *Jet Black, 50's rock.*
American Rock Café: *Silent Knowledge, Chinese Backwards* soundalikes.
Rising Sun: Zouk Music from Martinique. Something called *West Indies*.

Friday, June 17th
Foufounes: Franco-rock fest with *Pigalle*.
Station Ten: *Three O'Clock Train* returning and the *Griffins* too. Under new management (the Train, not the bar).
Déjà Vu: *Jet Black*.
American Rock Café: *Indecent Exposure*. Cover band. Just like the *Asexuals*.
Rising Sun: More Zouk musique.
Spectrum: 54-40. But who won?

Saturday, June 18th
Foufounes: The return of *Scum*. What'd you call me?...
Station Ten: Same as last night.
Deja Vu: *Jet Black*.
American Rock Café: Same as yesterday.
Rising Sun: More Zouk music.
Spectrum: *Un Spectrum de Talent*. In other words not much happening. I won't be there.
Forum: *John Cougar Mellencamp*. Imagine if he had another name like Schwartzberg or Biletnikoff.

Sunday, June 19th
Station Ten: *Welcome Home.*
Déja Vu: *Bottoms Up.* 70's & 80's rock.

American Rock Café: *Howling Wolf.*
Gosh he must be old now.

Monday, June 20th
Poodles: *Bob's Your Uncle* and *Mary's Your Aunt*. What a double bill.
Station Ten: *White Satin*. Top 40 rock. Hey, just like *Chinese Backwards*.
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam Session with the *HouseRockers*.

Tuesday, June 21st
Foufoules: *Wardells*, from Victoria?
Poodles: *BYU & MYA* again.
Station Ten: *Johnny Got His Gun*
 (McGill ghetto rock). That means
 there's no plumbing at Station Ten
 again. (*I'm sorry, but I just don't get it.*
Not at all. And no, don't explain it.
I don't want to know—ed.)
Theatre St. Denis: *The Pogues*, burp.
 I'll be there, you bet. Burp...
Déja Vu: *Midnight Special*.

Wednesday, June 22nd
Foufounes: *Tackhead*. Step on them and it'll hurt. Pretty sharp band. That just cuts me up.
Poodles: *Stephen Barry Band*.
Station Ten: *Quiet Simple*. Something dull no less.
Cafe Campus: *Weather Permitting*. (Editor's deletion.)
Déja Vu: *Midnight Special*.

Thursday, June 23rd
Foufounes: Dioxyn. Zoetrope.
 Country-rock. (Well, it's rock kinda, more like speed metal, and it's from this country, so I guess you could get away with a description like that, but probably not if you were working for a respectable publication like, say, the *Mirror*—ed.)
Station Ten: P.F. Hardcore. (Well, it's kinda like the core of jazz: blues but with a hard edge and, well, not really what you said at all. You'll still get away with it here, though, but you wouldn't if you were working for a respectable publication like, say, the *Daily News*—ed.)
Déja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*.
American Rock Café: *The Plants*.
 Supposedly Jimi Hendrix types.
Rising Sun: *Too Many Cooks*. Used all those puns up a while ago.

Friday, June 24th
Foufounes: Franco-rock festival.
Station Ten: *Landed Immigrant*.
Déjà Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*.
American Rock Café: *Chinese Backwards*. Oops, sorry, I mean the *Lakeshore Rockers*.
Rising Sun: *Jah Jah*.

Saturday, June 25th
Foufouers: *The Hodads and The Sideswinders* from Phoenix, Ariz. The Hodads are from Sarnia, Ariz.
Manchester Bar: Twenty kinds of imported beer for \$2 a bottle until September at least. Plenty of cheap beer. Popcorn too. Contact *RearGarde* for more info.
Station Ten: *Landed Immigrant*.
Déja Vu: *The James Pups*.
American Rock Cafe: *The Rockers*.
Rising Sun: *Jab Lab*.

Sunday, June 26th
Poodles: *Kristi Rose* from N. Y. I saw her last month and it was terrible. She did two sets and played for twenty minutes both times. It was a waste of my time. Maybe she'll be better next time.
Station Ten: *The Stand* from Bainsville, Ontario with *Cro Magnon* from Montreal.
Déja Vu: *The Jimmy Dogs*.
American Rock Cafe: *The Darned*. First local show in a couple months.

Monday, June 27th
Station Ten: *The Switch*. pop-rock, just like *Chinese Backwards*. I guess King will be there.
Déja Vu: *Higher Ground*. Than what?
Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam Session with Billy Craig and the *Blue Shadows*.

Tuesday, June 28th
Poodles: *Medicine Men*, ex-*Funhouse*, *Mongols*, *Outasynch* and *Les Taches*. In other words they have no musical experience.
Station Ten: *Portable Ethnic Taxi*.
Déjà Vu: *Higher Ground*.

Wednesday, June 29th
Station Ten: *Crystal Billy?*
Cafe Campus: *Cowboy Junkies.*
Snore...
Déjà Vu: *Higher Ground.*

Thursday, June 30th
Foufounes: *Warbagosaw Gimmick.*
Station Ten: *The Royal Canadian Maple Saps.*
Déja Vu: *Higher Ground.*
American Rock Café: *Medicine Men.*
Rising Sun: *Swinging Relatives and Seventh Seal.* Music to listen to. Not like Ch.....
Mancheater: Cheap Beer at the corner of St. Remi and Notre Dame. Bve.

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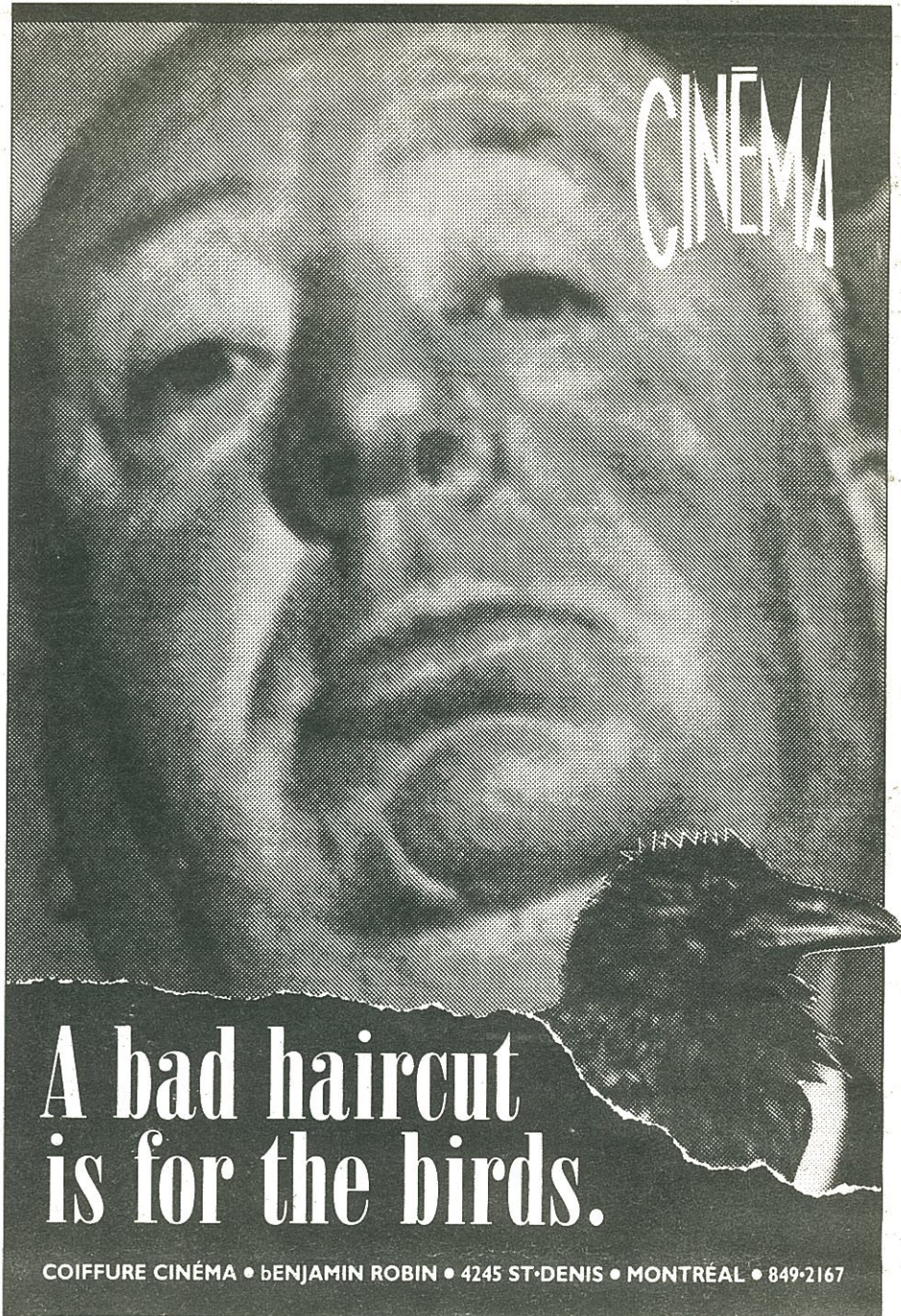
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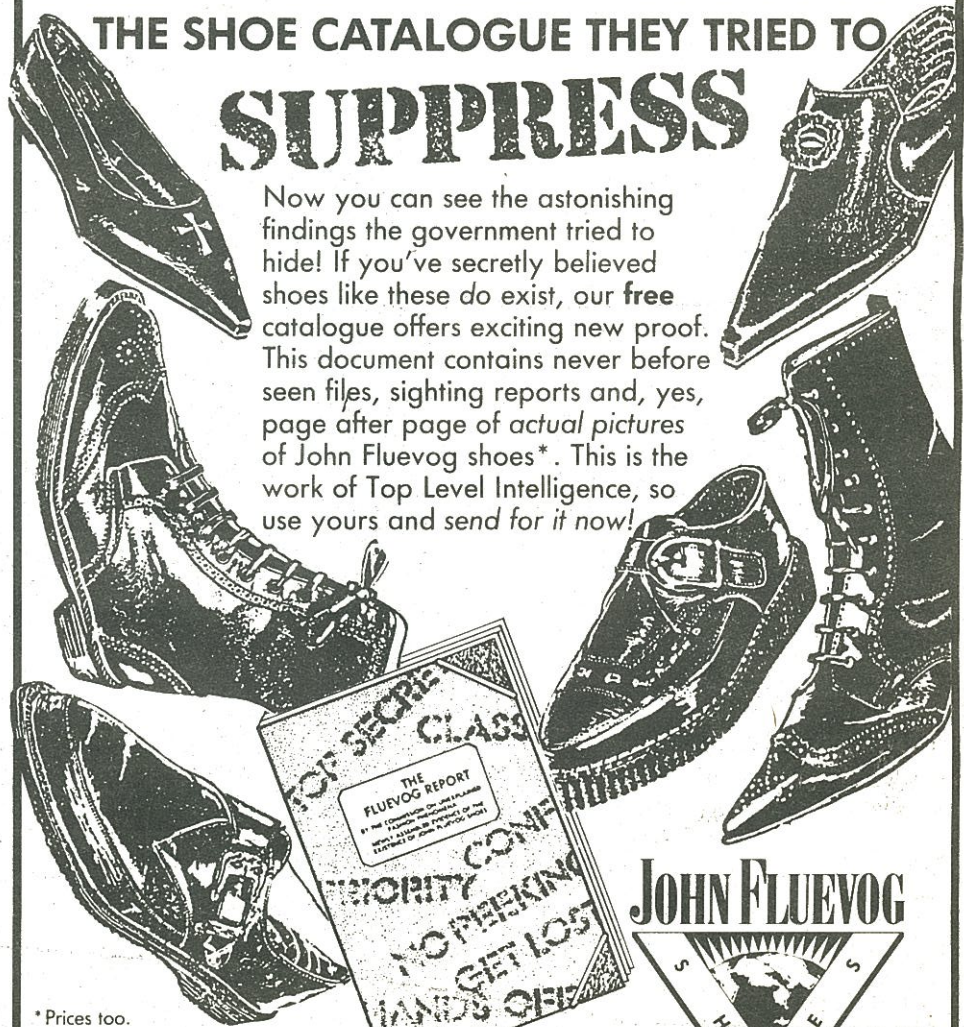
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